GIANTESS SHOW

#4

$15 1996

YUM Y
#4 VOL I

WELCOME TO #4 PEONS!! IF IT TAKES THIS LONG FOR #5, I'll STEP ON EVERYONE OF YOU WORMS!!!
E-MAIL US
MASIE@DELPHI.COM
HEY!! REMEMBER GIANTESS SHOW NEEDS YOUR HELP! STORIES, ARTICLES, PIX, INFO, etc... FREE ISSUES + FREE ADS FOR ANYTHING GTS RELATED!!!!
by JEN

SPECIAL THANX TO: AMY, GEG, RAM, RON HORTON, JEFF V., CAPP, JIM O, ALAINA, STEVE R, MAXIE D., TOM C., BIG COUNTY, LEGSHOW, JEN A., MATT S.!!!

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YUM Y
P.O. BOX 1231
BUFFALO, NY 14213

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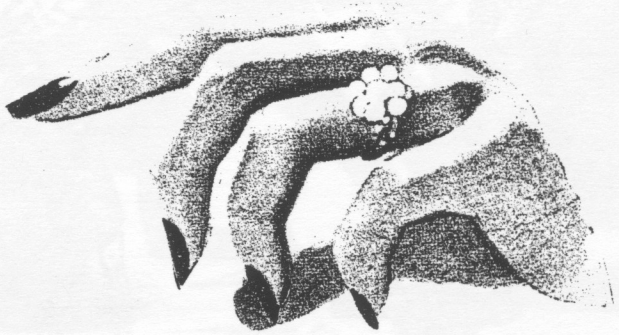


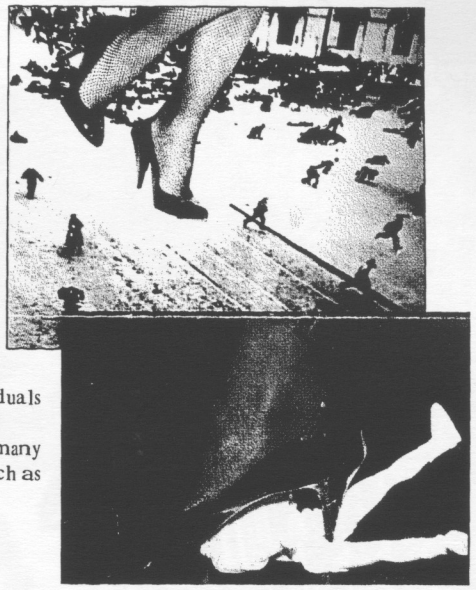
FROM
JULY 96
ISSUE
OF
LEGSHOW
↳

(THANY)

GIANTESS SHOW
C/O YUM Y
P.O. Box 1231
Buffalo, NY 14213

Since we're on the subject of those big-boned women, let's talk GIANTESS SHOW. It's a crude photocopied black and white fanzine, that includes drawings, photos, stories, and contact addresses for groups and individuals who love those big gals.

YUM Y also offers many customized services, such as stories and audio tapes.



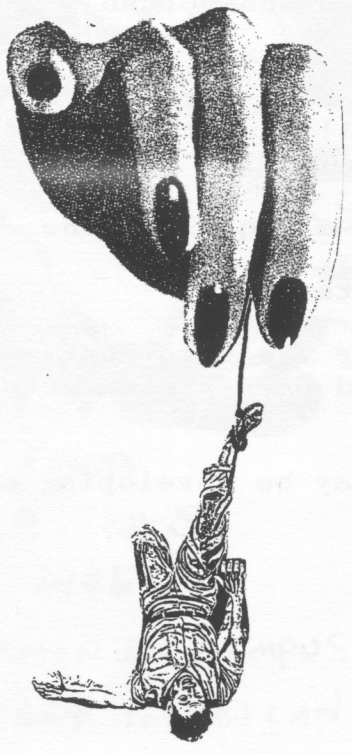
HAVE YOUR GIRL FILL IN THE QUOTE FOR YOU! →

IT'S ABOUT TIME!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

For many of you this issue is long overdue. Some folks have paid for it over a year ago! In fact #4 is more or less 1 year behind it's projected release date. There are many reasons for this terrible delay and I want to set the record straight. GIANTESS SHOW is still alive! Granted the time lapse is unacceptable by any standards and GS can only apologize for this sad fact. However, after a mention in the magazine Legshow July 96 GS got the kick in the ass it needed and is now in your hands. The reasons are varied and range from lack of ideas, stories, feedback, letters, motivation, finances, and losing a partner among as well.

As many of you have figured out by now Giantess Show is more or less compiled by myself "buggy" with help from a few dedicated others. I blame myself for the delay and can only hope that most of you stick with Giantess Show. I am hoping that this issue will generate new contributions and fuel the fanzine on to bigger and better things. I am hoping to make GS at least 3 times a year. I can't stress enough how important it is for GS to hear from you! You'll get free issues if we use your work and we really NEED it! Send whatever you can! Right now we need an internet master. Though I have an e mail address Masie@delphi.com my computer is sadly out of date (less than 286) therefore I can't see any of the good stuff that's out there! If you're up to the job please let me know, the pay ain't great but hey you'll be helping people just like you!

Again, I am sorry for the time lapse between #3 and #4. I am asking that you DO NOT PAY for issues in advance unless you are prepared for possible delays. I must admit that many of you have been very understanding and patient and I do appreciate that. In response to the delay I feel that this is the best issue so far, most certainly the BIGGEST yet! I hope you enjoy it and am eager for much needed feedback and ideas!!! Thank you for your support and with your help the delays should be over.



********** NEWS **********

An episode of Louis & Clark featured an evil woman who created a shrinking potion which she mixed into shampoo. The Fx are ok and the story is fair but the story was written by Terri Hatcher! Nothing to loose sleep over.

There is a great video out by a band called the KILLJOYS. In it the band is somehow reduced to a few inches tall and are being stalked by a very YUM Y young lady who wants to crush them. Great Fx and fun. Don't remember the song title?

The group POE also has a Gts related video. The song is called "Trigger Happy Jack" and in it the hot blonde singer keeps a small man in a jar and torments him!! Pretty good one.

The Halloween episode of Sabrina the teenage witch is reported to have some brief Gts scenes where a very young snotty witch shrinks various people at a party??

An recent episode of Sinbad is also reported to have some Gts action where a shrunken Sinbad is put in the bra of a an evil Giantess!!

There's a shrink ray scene in the movie Mars Attacks by Tim Burton but it's an alien doing the shrinking. There's also a short scene where the viewer is fooled into thinking the alien spy babe is a Giantess. Great movie!

HBO is supposedly doing a segment on the Giantess/Crush fetish for a show called Sex Bytes????

Also in the rumor mill is that HBO may be doing a remake of Attack of the 50 ft. Woman (without Hannah!!) and that Roger Corman is planning a 60 ft. Centerfold remake???

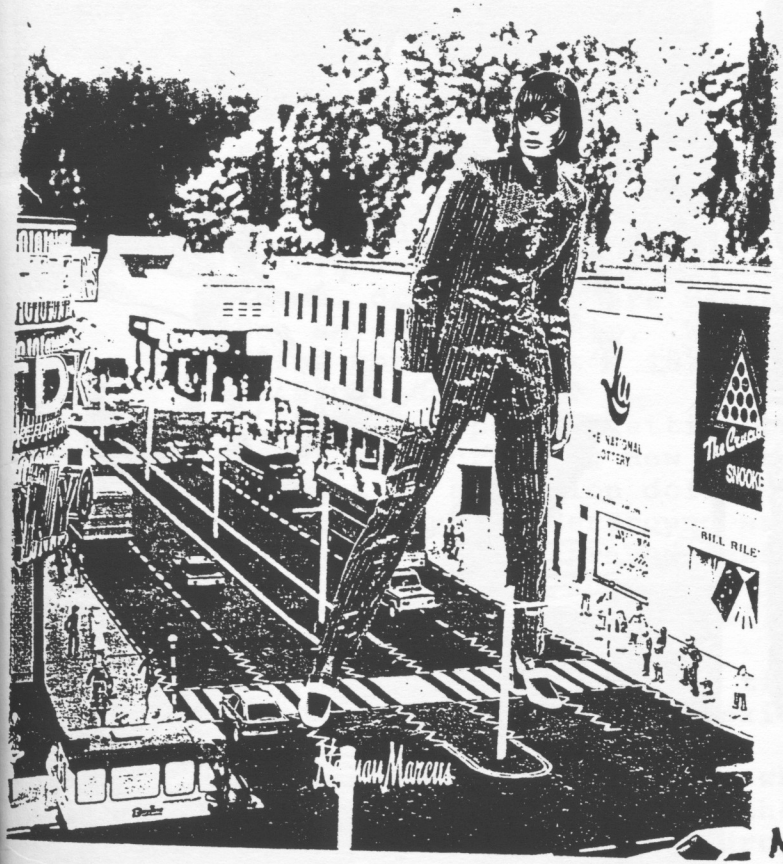
There is also a direct to video release of a sequel to the Honey I shrunk the kids movies called Honey, we shrunk ourselves??? Look for it. It may have potential.

Oh yeah! Check your local comic stores for the Milo Manara book called Gullivera!! It's brand new and pretty good. You can get it for around $13.

Another rumor is that Ac comics Femforce may be developing an EVIL giantess!!! Keep your eyes open!

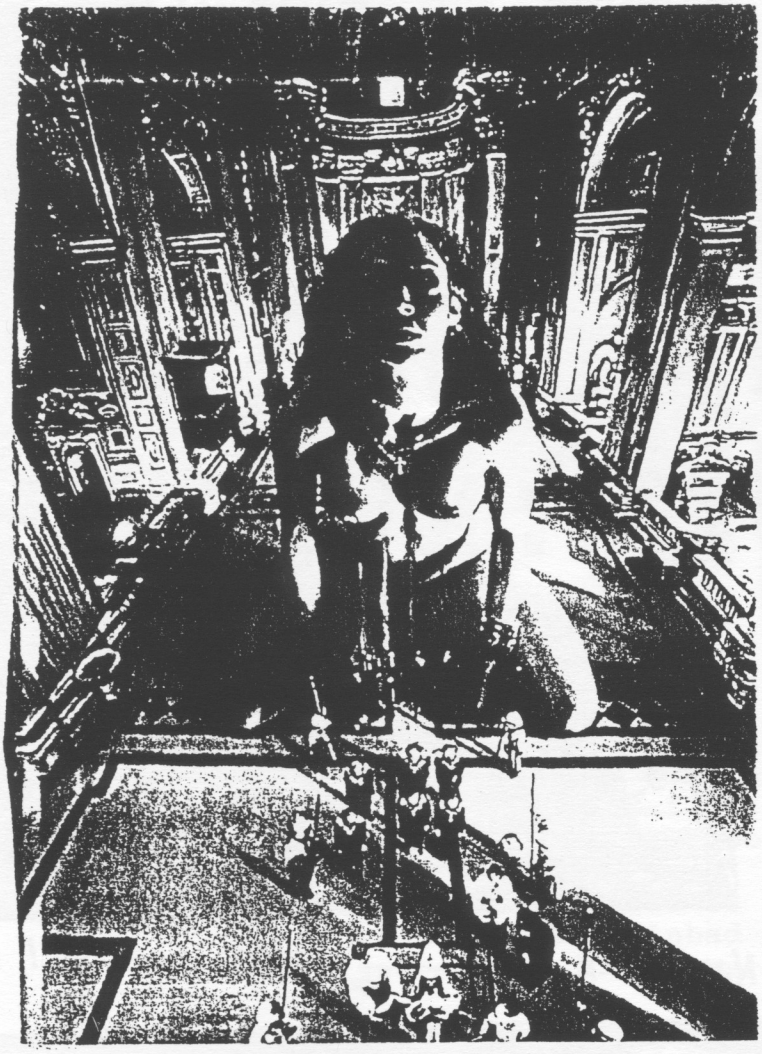
NEWS

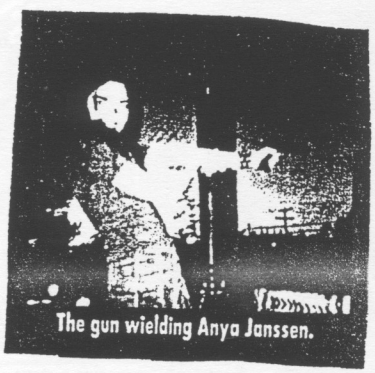
SOME GIANTESS AD'S TAKEN FROM A WOMANS MAGAZINE. →



NEW ROCK BAND → NO GTS SONGS!!!!

A SAMPLE FROM
OLIVIA #5
SUMMER 1996
"BIG WOMAN ON CAMPUS!"
Check it out if you can.





The gun wielding Anya Janssen.

HEY, ANYONE HAVE INFO ON HER? ?

The giantess with New York beneath her feet in *A.J.N.Y.I* tries to compete with the city's cosmopolitan nightlife, the epitome of human civilization. She adopts the guise of Miss World to show that human beings can be fantastic too.

A.J.N.Y.I, oil on canvas, 21 ½ x 15 ¾", 1994/95.

thise PAINTINGS TAKEN FROM JUXTAPOZ FALL 1996 VOL 2 # 4 great ART MAGAZINE!!

ADVICE TO A GIANTESSOPHILE

by Buggy Dave

If there has ever been a time for sexual deviants to live in, this is it. Think about homosexuals , not that they are "deviant" in any way but in some circles they are still frowned upon, anyhow they are commonplace on TV sitcoms, drag queens are making cd's and movies. S&M isn't taboo anymore it's hip. What used to be hush hush is now getting more than it's 15 minutes in the media with shows like HBO's Real Sex.

Are people getting bored of straight sex??? Is the fear of AIDS creating new breeds of fetishists every day?? Phone sex is a billion dollar industry and still growing. Fetishes aren't underground anymore, not with the internet and a hungry and depraved mass media. S&M and role playing games can be found suggested in the pages of magazines like Glamour and Vogue. Shiny tall black boots aren't just for whores anymore!

Strange that in a time where sex is so dangerous women seem to be dressing sexier and sexier? Todays high fashion is quite fetishistic. Everything is tight and shiny. Modern ladies are creating a whole new generation of fetish boys and it almost seems as though they WANT to. Maybe they do, maybe they want men to drop to their knees and lick their go go boots...Go girls!

Before I spew any more of my inane psycho babble at you I'll get to the point of this rant. Jeff V asked me, a long long time ago, if I would be interested in sharing some of my experiences and views on the ever growing Giantess fetish. I am happy to do so, honored even.

I've said it before and I'll say it again. I use the word "fetish" for lack of a better term. Hopefully this doesn't offend any of you.

The fact is that unless you're a midget dating a very tall woman, then you can never fully act this fantasy out. You could construct giant body parts and hump them but it still wouldn't be a full realization of your fantasy. And what would the neighbors think if you were busy at work constructing a gigantic pair of high heel shoes in your back yard? Then again I've always wanted to construct a high heel shoe bed but that's another story. The point is simple: the Giantess fantasy is just that; FANTASY.

The Giantess fetish is very cerebral. It's all in our minds. It's like when I drive around in my car and I see a Yum Y, (pretty woman), my mind automatically gives her a makeover. First, she is about 45 feet tall or so looking slightly pissed and slightly amused. She is no longer wearing baggy jeans but now has on black boots, a short dress and opera length leather gloves. Or maybe she becomes the silver clad super vixen from Venus or the traditional curtain clad and barefoot Giantess. Either way it all happens mentally in less then a minute.

Some girl on the street is transformed into a science fiction fantasy. I think many of you can relate to this type of imagination or you wouldn't be reading this.

Or the opposite takes place... you're at school/work and the girl sitting a few seats over has that perfect something. For me it's usually dark eyes, longer hair, and a mischievous air about her. So there she is and your mind is picturing you standing a few inches tall scurrying around her enormous and beautiful feet. You hope and yet fear that she sees you. Maybe she will gently put you in her purse for further investigations and experimentations. Or she'll pin you under her pretty shoes and laugh at your helplessness. The scenarios are endless and always changing but the point is that they all take place in the mind.

It is sad that there are no shrinking devices or potions in the "real world". But at least we have fertile imaginations to our credit! Does this mean that we are living in a dream world? Yes, because sexual thoughts quickly become intangled with this Gts fantasy. No, because if we were really living in a "dream world" we would obviously already be the proud pets of giantesses.

I doubt that many fetishists exploit their desires everywhere they go. Not to discourage anyone from wearing a T-shirt that says "I love Giantesses!" but in general most "deviant" desires are saved for special occasions perhaps but other than those special times it's saved for the Twilight Zone; the Bedroom. Where private desires burn.

The bedroom becomes a cage, your bed becomes the palm of a giantesses hand etc. Everyone enjoys the Giantess theme in their own way. Some of us may be lucky enough to have a wife/girlfriend that likes to play along with them. This is where imagination is vital! If your lover isn't creative and you're not either, chances are she'll never realize your mental predicament and thus never attempt to act it out with you. It's not that we can't have sex without the fantasy imagery but hey if that's what gets you off best why not use it? If your partner is into it great, if not be happy you have a partner and aren't in bed alone jerking off to a Giantess Show story (shameless plug sorry Jeff).

This leads me to some recommendations. How can we incorporate our giant desires into reality? Well, I'm no expert on anything but here are a few thoughts on the subject that might make for Giantess fun in the bedroom. I'm assuming that the female you're involved with is intelligent, slightly kinky, and interested in pleasing you. Since, she can't really grow or shrink you, here are a few possibilities.

During foreplay she could dress in a way that you would like to see her as a Giantess. Hopefully, both of you can do some sort of acting at this point. Or at least be willing to pretend. Try and get her to set the scene. She knows what you like by now so she should be able to come up WITH SOMETHING GOOD.

Here is a list of classic possibilities for you and your lover to investigate:

1) The angry wife scene: You messed around and now it's time for some sweet sole revenge!

2) The Queen of Outer Space: She is amused by humans and thinks that you would make a fine little pet for her home planet.

3) Psycho Witch Girl: She is madly in love with you and will do anything to have you all to herself.

4) Mad Scientist: She needs a test rodent and you're it.

5) Jealous Girl: She doesn't trust you so she's gonna cut you down to size so she can handle you better.

6) Super Bitch: She gained super powers from a strange fog out at sea and she's into abusing them!

7) The Queen of Evil: She's just plain evil and wants to humiliate and torture your little ass and she came all the way from hell to do it!

8) The Surprise: I don't know what happened honey but you're shrinking before my very eyes!

9) The Witch: She just feels like proving something to you.

10) Dream world: You're sharing a dream and she's in control.

There are more than these I'm sure but they are classics anyway. Now these are strange "scenes" and yeah you'll feel like you're in an Ed Wood movie but you'll probably really enjoy it. Besides if both of you are willing to play around with the idea what have you got to lose?

Through my own experiences I have found that the shrinking or growing scene works great when verbally acted out at or near the point of orgasm.

Example:

The Queen of Evil: Now listen to me peon... you realize that when you come, you're going to shrink! That's right! Small enough to fit in the palm of my hand!! HA!

You: No you wouldn't dare!! Stop!

The Queen of Evil: You're going to be my little barbie doll! How do you feel about pink dresses!! Ha ha ha

You: You fiend!! No!

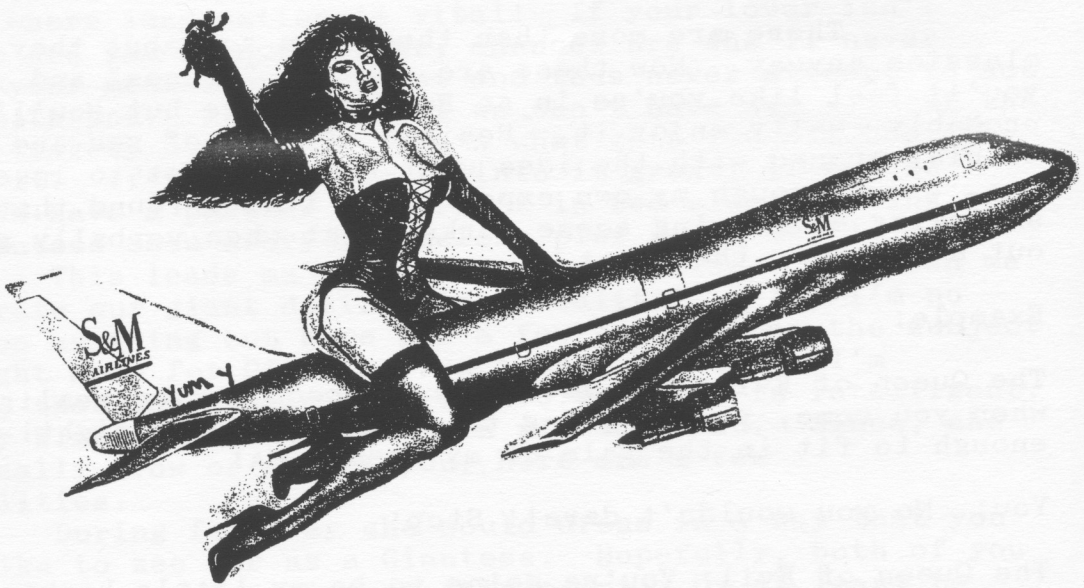
The Queen of Evil: I want you to come now! You'll be my pet forever! NOW! Ha ha ha look how quickly you shrink!

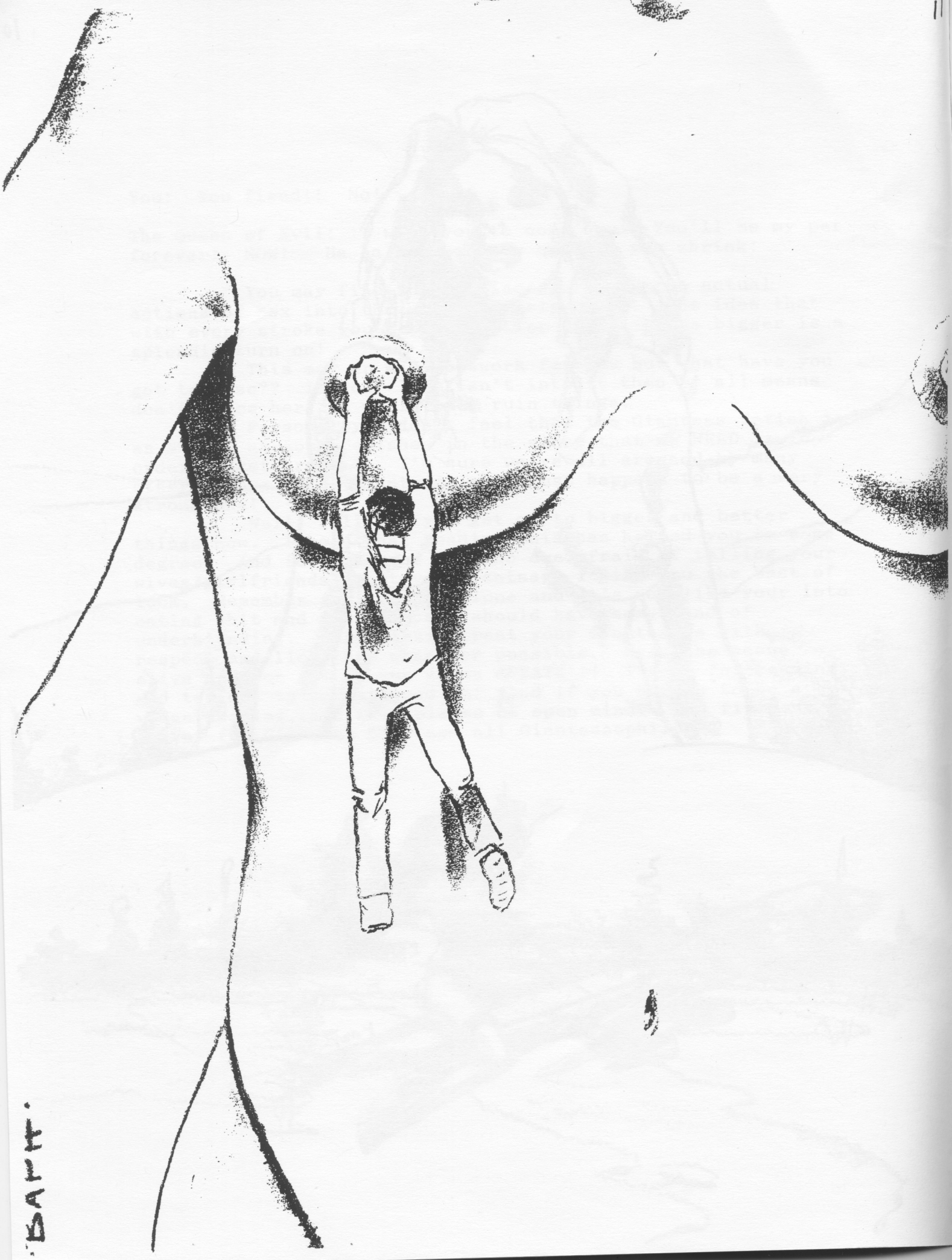
You may find that by incorporating the actual actions of sex into the scenario helps alot. The idea that with every stroke you become smaller or she grows bigger is a splendid turn on!

This may or may not work for you but what have you got to lose?? If your lady isn't into it then by all means don't force her, it would only ruin things.

Personally I don't feel that the Giantess fetish is as strong as some fetishes in the sense that we NEED it in order to get aroused. I'm sure we're all aroused by many other things. The Giantess image just happens to be a very strong one!

Well, I'll let you get on to bigger and better things now. I hope that reading this has helped you to some degree. And for those of you who are afraid of telling your wives/girlfriends about your fantasy, I wish you the best of luck. Remember you are not alone and it's not like your into eating shit and piss, so she should have some kind of understanding. Regardless, treat your Giantesses with respect and lick them whenever possible. Keep the scene alive and for all of our sakes CREATE!!! Thanks for reading and try not to get stepped on! And if you happen to be a woman reading this then please be open minded and fill out a survey for Giantess Show and all Giantessophiles!!





BARRY

This is an actual transcript of an internet conversation with a young lady, her name has been altered for her own privacy. This is real.

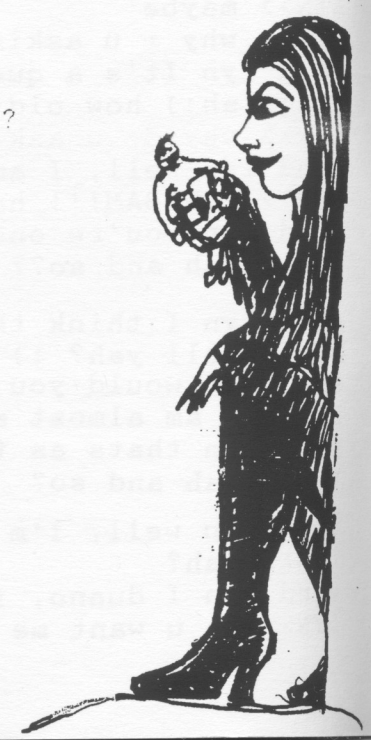
send lyn if you had a gun that would shrink people would you ever use it?
LYN>> yes!!!!
send lyn Really? On who???
LYN>> depends what day u ask me
send lyn How about today?? :)
LYN>> not YET
send lyn How small would you make somebody?
LYN>> 3 inches?
send lyn Thats really tiny! You're bad I like that
LYN>> i'm very bad
send lyn really? heres another question for ya lorilyn If you could grow 50 feet tall for one day would you?
LYN>> yes!
send lyn Really???
LYN>> wewll yah
send lyn OK, lets say you could wear any clothes you wanted while you were a giantess what would you wear?
LYN>> running shorts and my basketball shirt
send lyn what would do that day?
LYN>> hmm
send lyn would you want your friends to grow as well?
LYN>> no
LYN>> just ME
send lyn Just you huh, would you pick anyone up?
LYN>> sure ANYone i wanted
send lyn You sound like you'd enjoy that :)
LYN>> of COURSE I would
send lyn would you be nervous at all??
LYN>> me????? no
send lyn would you be a nice giantess or a mean one?
LYN>> both
LYN>> sometimes i can be a brat
send lyn A 50 foot brat could be real trouble! :)
LYN>> i think so!!
send lyn would you ever step on anyone? an old boyfriend perhaps?
LYN>> size 147 sneakers!
send lyn :)
LYN>> maybe
LYN>> why r u asking me this
send lyn It's a question I ask lots of girls, they usually say no
LYN>> ah:) how old r u
LYN>> why do u ask this question alot
send lyn Well, I am facinated by women who would enjoy such power
LYN>> POW BAM!!! hahahaha
send lyn You're one of the toughest I've talked to! and you're 18?
LYN>> yah and so??

send lyn I think thats cool, strong girls are awesome
LYN>> well yah? :)
send lyn would you go to school as a giantess?
LYN>> i am almost a giant for a girl :) 5-11 1/2
send lyn thats as tall as me!
LYN>> yah and so?

send lyn well, I'm 24 and your a 18 year old girl just as big as me!
LYN>> yah?
send lyn I dunno, it makes me feel small... :)
LYN>> so u want me to beat u up i guess

send lyn then again if you were 50 feet tall you could beat up godzilla
LYN>> yes!
send lyn what would you like more being a giant or shrinking people?
LYN>> hmmm...shrinking people
send lyn So who would be yer first victim/pet?
LYN>> you??:)
send lyn You wouldn't dare!!!
LYN>> and why-not
send lyn well... it wouldn't be fair...
LYN>> why not?
send lyn well, what I do if I was that small!
LYN>> dunno, paint my nails?
send lyn What would I wear???
LYN>> what do u think u should wear
send lyn I guess some ken clothes or somethin' ;)
LYN>> haha
send lyn what options would I have?
LYN>> what options do u want to have
send lyn Well, how many options does a 3 inch man have?? :)
LYN>> not many!
LYN>> i could kill u with my foot
send lyn I know! I'll paint your nails I'll kiss your toes even!
LYN>> yah
send lyn where would i sleep and stuff?
LYN>> i will wear dirty socks so the SMELL will kill u HAHA
send lyn I would demand you make me normal sized again!!
LYN>> i would say, I THINK NOT!
send lyn but I'm a grown man!
LYN>> so????? do I CARE????
send lyn I'll kick your foot!!
LYN>> i will smother you with my big toe
send lyn I'll bite you then :)
LYN>> i will spit on you and you will drown
send lyn Yikes!! I'll be good! whatever you say!
LYN>> thats better!!
send lyn would I get a doll house??
LYN>> no
send lyn Where would I sleep???
LYN>> in my shoe
send lyn In that smelly thing!!! What about when your at school/work???

send lyn Would you tell anyone about me?
LYN>> no well maybe my girlfriends
send lyn You wouldn't let them see me though... right?
LYN>> not alot
LYN>> they would spit on u 2
send lyn why????
LYN>> because they can
send lyn Good answer! :)
LYN>> of course
LYN>> u like girls to boss u dont u
send lyn I guess I do :)
send lyn how do you know?
LYN>> well it sounds like it doesnt it??
send lyn I guess so... what do you like?
LYN>> to spit on u
send lyn You like that huh?? :)



LYN>> yes
send lyn who?
LYN>> a bf who got me mad, ik slapped him and spit all over his face hahaha
send lyn If you were older I'd ask you to marry me...!
LYN>> why, u want me to spit all over your face?
send lyn not exactly but I really love your attitude, it's incredible
LYN>> KISS MY TOES!!!! hahahahahahahahahahahhha
LYN>> i am just a brat sometimes like i said
send lyn You realize that this type of talk could be considered arousing?
LYN>> well like , SOOO????
send lyn you'd make a good dominatrix you know!
LYN>> black leather makes me sweaty :(
send lyn You've worn black leather at 18 years old?
LYN>> i'm not always like this, i'm also a "GOOD" girl on the basketball tea
m :)
send lyn Do you have lots of boyfriends?
LYN>> i date enuf, yah:)
send lyn What color eyes do you have?
LYN>> blue
lyn You seem to be so much older than 17
LYN>> i wish!
send lyn You are way brighter then what i though the average 17 year old would
be
LYN>> i am not average ok?
send lyn You as far from average as someone can be
LYN>> that is of course ture!
lyn are you going to the prom?
LYN>> yawning
LYN>> SDPITSPIT!!! hahahha
LYN>> SPIT POW!!
LYN>> of COURSE i do I am the great and powerful Lyn!!!!
LYN>> goodnite dog!! hahahahaha i am being BAD:)

Mistress D's Top Five list of Fun Activites

1. Upon seeing the approach of a tiny man, raising her heel as he passes... Will she... or wont she..?

2. Lying on a hillside, as she works her crafts..Humming as she wraps the tiny man with golden bindings, to be placed on a necklace around her neck, displayed as an adornment

3. Arranging tiny men in a tiny village, and having them perform for her, her brown leather boot always inches away...

4. Striding through the town, taking her daily walk for exercise, her glorious figure towering above the awestruck figures ... whoops..... <SQUISH>

5. Reclining back against the pillows that have been strenuously arranged, feeling the tiny fingers of her slaves massage her weary body

Mistress D

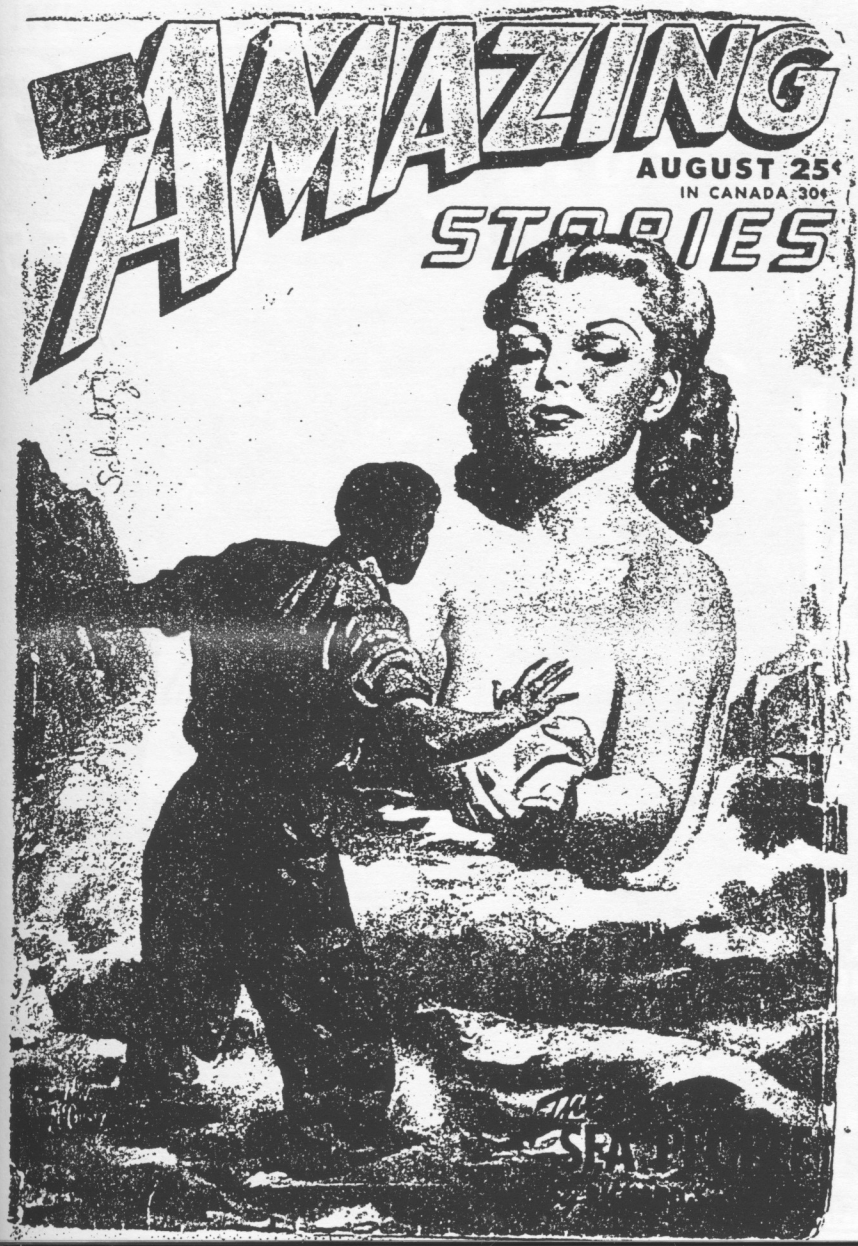
"I'm afraid, Sir Roger, we'll just have to be good friends."

"The boys have grown so fond of her they'd like to keep her [illegible] something else for the invasion—like a horse."

Sept. 1951

PLANET STORIES

THE
INCUBI of PARALLEL X



by THEODORE STURGEON

Gone were Earth's womankind. The Ffanx-blasted planet had been wrung of the young and beautiful. Only Garth, son of Gesell the Great, knew the guarded Gateway to the prison-world—a world of berserk, 70-foot Giantesses.

IT'S SMALLER, Garth thought as he lay on his belly on top of the hill and looked down, through carefully parted branches, at Gesell Hall. The Hall had towered over him when he was a child, last year, last week, last night, in his dreams. And now, at the moment he had schooled himself for, waited for since the day his world had ended, he could feel no thrill, no triumph—only it's smaller.

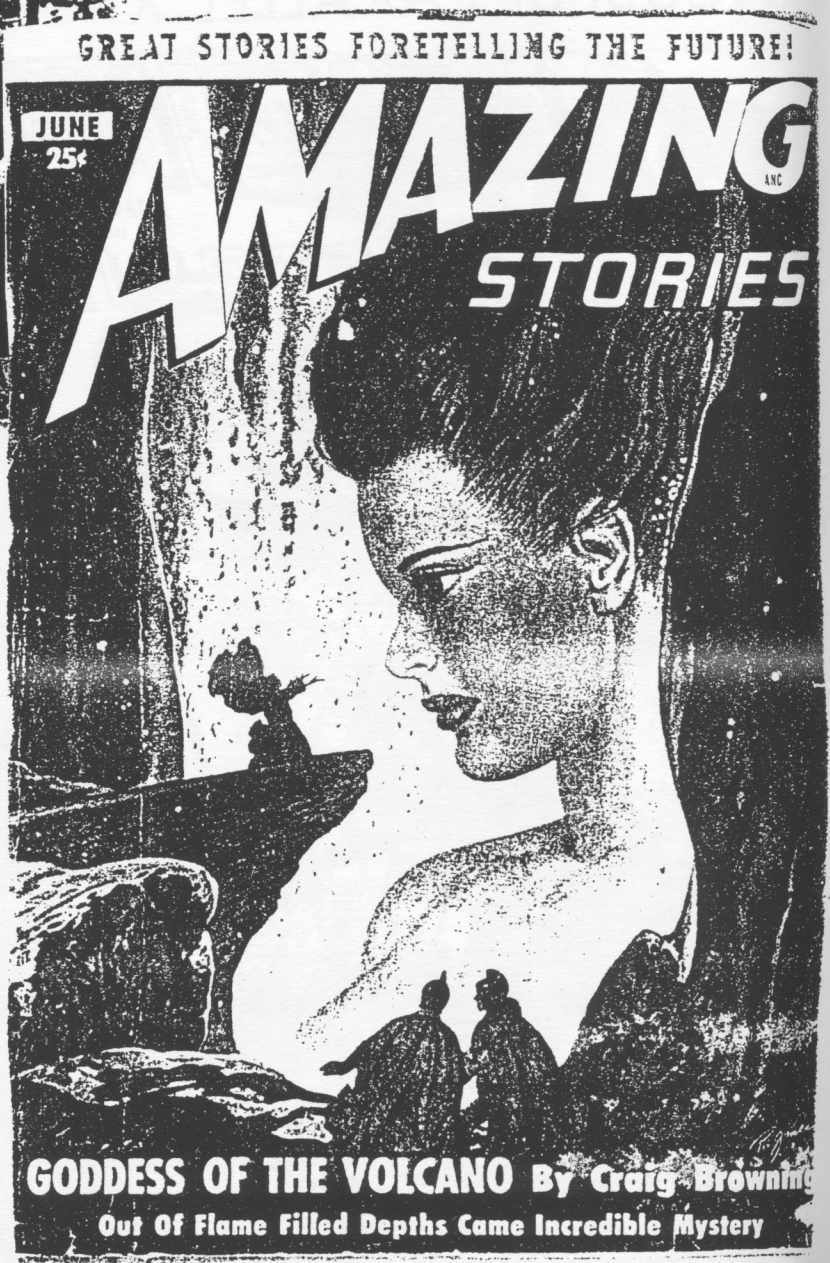
August 1946

To make it blunt for those curious: Sci Fi Pulp magazines do not have explicit mentions of sexual acts BUT they do have some of the best Giantess art. The covers of these old magazines are incredible for several reasons. The colors are intense and eye catching, the art is always top notch, and they feature some important and early versions of the all powerful Giantess! There are sure to be other great covers still out there to be discovered...

GREAT SCIENCE-FANTASY BY LEADING WRITERS!
fantastic
ADVENTURES
A weird and deadly crew planned an . . .
NVASION FROM THE DEEP

MAY 1951

You can buy these types of mags at a few kinds of places. The best places would be used book stores. If you don't see them ask a clerk if they sell Pulp mags from the 40's - 50's. The next best place would be a comic store. Then a flea market. Thrift stores are unlikely but you might get lucky? Expect to pay anywhere from $5-15. And keep in mind there ain't any SEXY writing in these. So you dirty guys may not be into buying them.



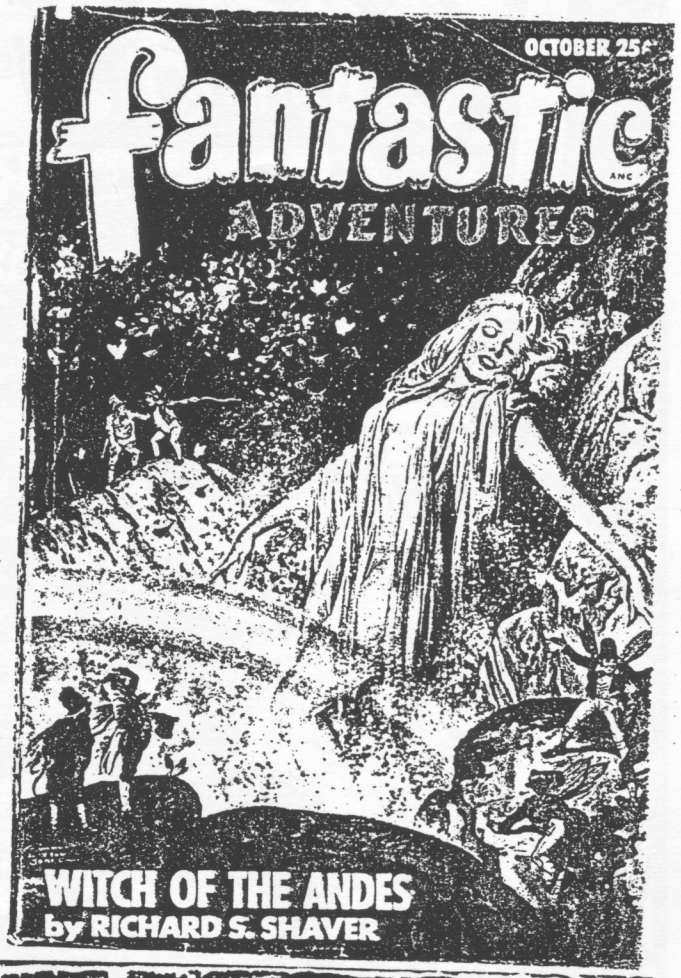
These covers do coincide with stories inside but obviously because of the era they were published in, there is little, if even mention, of sexual encounters between a small man and a giant woman. Sometimes there will be great drawings inside the pulps like the one from Fantastic Adventures March, 1953 Womans World written by Ted Taine and illustrated by Frank Navarro. You can see this on page . The cover in this case is not Gts related at all.

NO PICTURES INSIDE

JUNE 1950

oct. 1947

ENCHANTED BOOKSHELF by Wm. P. McGivern
fantastic
ADVENTURES
MARCH
25c
DRUMMERS OF DAUGAVO
by DWIGHT V. SWAIN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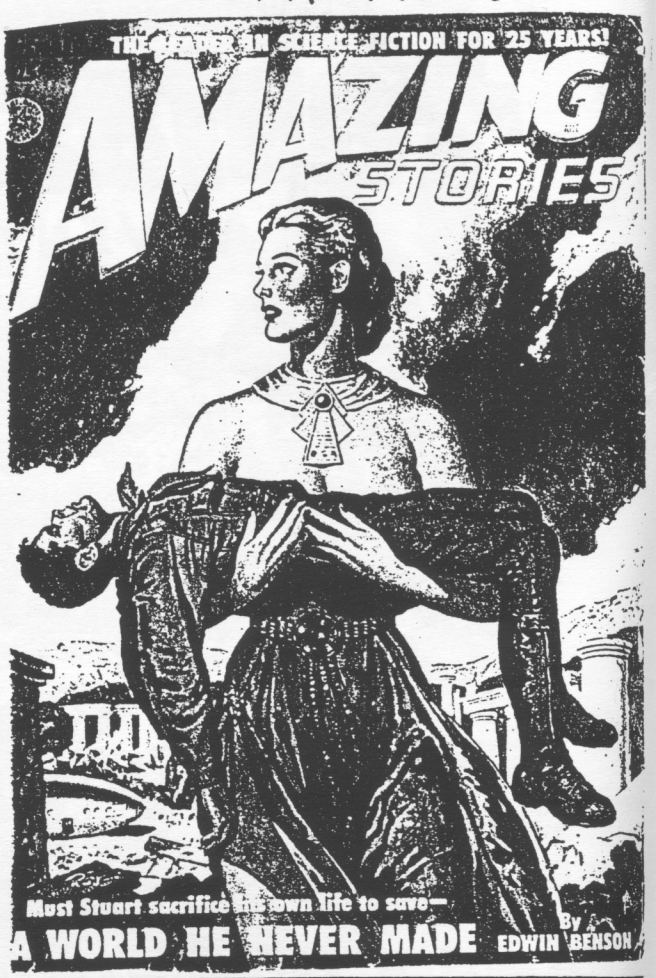
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Must Stuart sacrifice his own life to save—
A WORLD HE NEVER MADE
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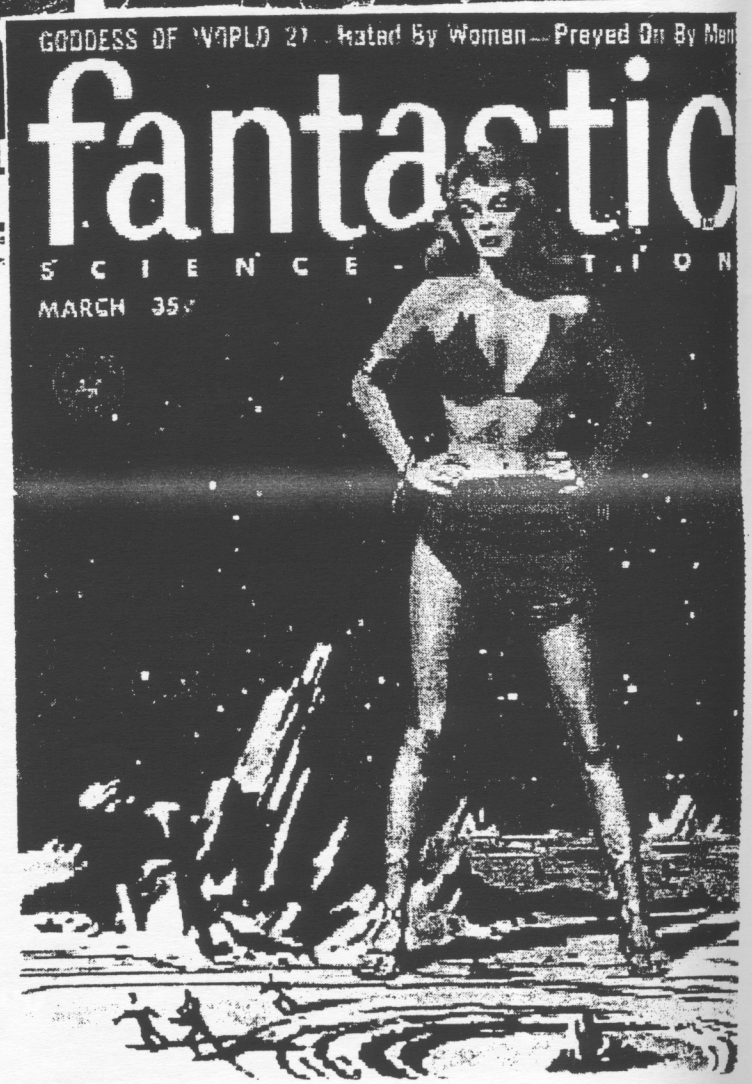


1949

?+

The story lines vary but are often dissapointing. They are mainly for the die hard Gts collectors. Sorry this "article" is brief but I don't want to define the plots of each magazine. If you must know drop Yum Y a SASE with your ? about the pulp you are most interested in. Again I'd like to stress that there are surely other great examples of Giantess sci fi pulp art that I don't have copies of, so there can be the thrill of a "find". For those of you still interested in more info please send your ?'s to Yum Y.

EXCERPT ONLY

SIX INCHES

by CHARLES BUKOWSKI

The first three months of my marriage to Sarah were acceptable but I'd say a little after that our troubles began. She was a good cook, and for the first time in years I was eating well. I began to put on weight. And Sarah began to make remarks.

"Ah, Henry, you're beginning to look like a turkey they're plumping up for Thanksgiving."

"Ats right, baby," I told her.

I was a shipping clerk in an auto parts warehouse and the pay was hardly sufficient. My only joys were eating, drinking beer and going to bed with Sarah. Not exactly a rounded life but a man had to take what he could get. Sarah was plenty. Everything about her spelled S–E–X. I had really gotten to know her at a Christmas party for the employees at the warehouse. Sarah was a secretary there. I noticed none of the fellows got near her at the party and I couldn't understand it. I had never seen a sexier woman and she didn't act the fool either. I got close to her and we drank and talked. She was beautiful. There was something odd about her eyes, though. They just kept looking into you and the eyelids didn't seem to blink. When she went to the restroom I walked over to Harry the truck-driver.

"Listen, Harry," I asked, "how come none of the boys make a play for Sarah?"

"She's a witch, man, a real witch. Stay away."

"There's no such thing as witches, Harry. All that has been disproven. All those women they burned at the stake in the old days, it was a cruel and a horrible mistake. There's no such thing as a witch."

"Well, maybe they did burn a lot of women wrongly, I can't say. But this bitch is a witch, take it from me."

"All she needs, Harry, is understanding."

"All she needs," said Harry, "is a victim."

"How do you know?"

"Facts," said Harry. "Two guys here. Manny, a salesman. And Lincoln, a clerk."

"What happened?"

"They just kind of disappeared in front of our eyes, only so slowly – you could see them going, vanishing . . ."

"What do you mean?"

"I don't want to talk about it. You'd think I was crazy."

Harry walked off. Then Sarah came out of the lady's room. She looked beautiful.

"What did Harry tell you about me?" she asked.

"How did you know I was talking to Harry?"

"I know," she said.

"He didn't say much."

"Whatever he said, forget it. It's bullshit. I won't let him have any and he's jealous. He likes to badmouth people."

"I'm not concerned with Harry's opinions," I told her.

"You and I are going to make it, Henry," she said.

She went to my apartment with me after the party and I'm telling you I've never been laid like that. She was the woman of all women. It was a month or so later that we were married. She quit her job right off, but I didn't say anything because I was so glad to have her. Sarah made her own clothes, did her own hair. She was a remarkable woman. Very remarkable.

But as I said, it was after about 3 months that she began making these remarks about my weight. At first they were just genial little remarks, then she began to get scornful about it. I came home one night and she said, "Take off your damned clothes!"

"What, my darling?"

"You heard me, bastard! Strip!"

Sarah was a little different then than I had ever seen her. I took off my clothes and underwear and threw them on the couch. She stared at me.

"Awful," she said, "what a lot of shit!"

"What, dear?"

"I said you look just like a big tub of shit!"

"Listen, honey, what's wrong? You got the rag on tonight?"

"Shut up! Look at that stuff hanging at your sides!"

She was right. There seemed to be a little pouch of fat on each side, hanging just above the hips. Then she doubled up her fists and hit me hard several times on each of the pouches.

"We've got to punch that shit! Break up the fat tissues, the cells . . ."

She punched me again, several times.

"Ow! Baby, that hurts!!"

"Good! Now, hit yourself!"

"Hit myself?"

"Go ahead, damn you!"

I hit myself several times, quite hard. When I was finished the things were still there, though now they looked quite red.

"We're going to get that shit off of you," she told me.

I figured that it was love and decided to cooperate . . .

Sarah began counting my calories. She took away my fried foods, bread and potatoes, salad dressing, but I kept my beer. I had to show her who was wearing the pants in our family.

"No, damn it," I said, "I won't give up my beer. I love you very much but the beer stays!"

"All right," said Sarah, "we'll make it work anyway."

"Make what work?"

"I mean, get that shit off of you, get you down to a desirable size."

"And what's a desirable size?" I asked.

"You'll see."

Each night when I got home she'd ask me the same question.

"Did you punch your sides today?"

"Oh, hell yes!"

"How many times?"

"400 punches on both sides, hard."

I would walk down the streets punching at my sides. People looked at me but it didn't matter after a while because I knew that I was accomplishing something and they weren't . . .

Things were working, marvelously. I came down from 225 to 197. Then from 197 to 184. I felt ten years younger. People remarked about how good I looked. Everybody except Harry the truck driver. Of course, he was just jealous because he never got into Sarah's panties. *His* tough shit.

One night on the scales I was down to 179.

I said to Sarah, "Don't you think we've come down enough? Look at me!"

The things on my sides were long gone. My belly hung in. My cheeks looked as if I were sucking them in.

"According to the charts," said Sarah, "according to my charts, you've not yet reached a desirable size."

"Look," I told her, "I'm six feet tall. What is the desirable weight?"

And then Sarah answered me quite strangely:

"I didn't say 'desirable weight,' I said, 'desirable size.' This is the New Age, the Atomic Age, the Space Age, and most important the Age of Overpopulation. I am the Savior of the World. I have the answer to the Overpopulation Explosion. Let others work on Pollution. Solving Overpopulation is the root; it will solve Pollution and many other things too."

"What the hell are you talking about?" I asked, ripping the cap off a bottle of beer.

"Don't worry about it," she answered, "you'll find out."

Then I began to notice, as I stepped on the scales, that although I was still losing weight I didn't seem to be getting any thinner. It was strange. And then I noticed that my pantscuffs were hanging down over my shoes – ever so slightly, and that my shirtcuffs were hanging down a bit over my wrists. When I drove to work I noticed that the steering wheel seemed further away. I had to pull the car seat up a notch.

One night I got on the scales.

155.

"Look here, Sarah."

"Yes, darling?"

"There's something I don't understand."

"What?"

"I seem to be *shrinking*."

"Shrinking?"

"Yes, shrinking."

"Oh, you fool! That's incredible! How can a man shrink? Do you really think that your diet is shrinking your bones? Bones don't melt! Reduction of calories only reduces fat. Don't be an idiot! Shrinking? Impossible!"

Then she laughed.

"All right," I said, "come here. Here's a pencil. Now I'm gonna stand against this wall. My mother used to do this with me as a kid when I was growing. Now put a line right there on the wall where the pencil hits after you place it straight across the top of my head."

"All right, silly," she said.

She drew the line.

A week later I was down to 131. It was happening faster and faster.

"Come here, Sarah."

"Yes, silly boy."

"Now, draw the line."

She drew the line. I turned around.

"Now see here, I've lost 24 pounds and 8 inches in the last week. I'm melting away! I'm now five feet two. This is madness! Madness! I've had enough. I've caught you cutting off my pants legs, my shirt sleeves. It won't work. I'm going to begin eating again. I think that you *are* some kind of witch!"

"Silly boy . . ."

It was soon after that the boss called me into the office.

I climbed into the chair across from his desk.

"Henry Markson Jones II?"

"Yes, sir?"

"You *are* Henry Markson Jones II?"

"Of course, sir."

"Well, Jones, we've been watching you carefully. I'm afraid you just don't fit this job anymore. We hate to see you go like this . . . I mean, we hate to let you go like this, but . . ."

"Look, sir, I always do my best."

"We know you do, Jones, but you're just not doing a man's job back there anymore."

He let me go. Of course, I knew that I would get my unemployment compensation. But I thought it was small of him to let me go like that . . .

I stayed home with Sarah. Which made it worse – she fed me. It got so I couldn't reach the refrigerator door anymore. And then she put me on a small silver chain.

Soon I was two feet tall. I had to use a potty chair to shit. But she still let me have my beer, as promised.

"Ah, my little pet," she said, "you're so small and cute!"

Even our love life was ended. Everything had melted in proportion. I mounted her but after a while she'd just pick me off and laugh.

"Ah, you tried, my little duck!"

"I'm *not* a duck, I'm a man!"

"Oh my little sweet man-y man!"

She picked me up and kissed me with her red lips . . .

Sarah got me down to being 6 inches tall. She carried me to the store in her purse. I could look out at the people through the little air holes she had poked in her purse. I will say one thing for the woman. She still allowed me to have my beer. I drank it by the thimble. A quart would last me a month. In the old days it was gone in 45 minutes. I was resigned. I knew that if she wished to do so she could make me vanish entirely. Better 6 inches than nothing. Even a little life becomes very dear when you near the end of life. So, I amused Sarah. It was all I could do. She made me little clothes and shoes and put me on top of the radio and turned on the music and said, "Dance, little one! Dance, my dunce! Dance, my fool!"

Well, I couldn't collect my unemployment compensation so I danced on top of the radio while she clapped her hands and laughed.

You know, spiders frightened me terribly and flies were the size of giant eagles, and if a cat ever caught me it would torture me like a small mouse. But life was still dear to me. I danced and sang and hung on. No matter how little a man has he will find that he will always settle for less. When I shit on the rug I would get spanked. Sarah put little pieces of paper around and I shit on them. And I ripped off little pieces of that paper to wipe my butt with. It felt like cardboard. I got hemorrhoids. Couldn't sleep nights. Feelings of

L. RIVERA 96

Ok, most of us feel that Attack of the 60ft. Centerfolds was a bit of a let down for various reasons. First of all nobody got stepped on! No men got toyed with. The girls didn't destroy any property! On the bright side JJ NORTH and TAMMY PARKS made beautiful Giantesses. And TAMMY PARKS did provide us with some noteworthy scenes that deserve praise.

She actually took the growing potion on PURPOSE! Her character WANTED to be a GIANTESS! Betty, Tammy's role, also speared a man with a giant hypodermic needle! And she picked a fight with the very wimpy Angel character. These things are indeed worthy of mention. Hopefully they'll shoot a remake and include the trademarks of a good Giantess fantasy.

Anyhow, Tammy Parks was kind enough to fill out a G.S. survey!!!! If I ever meet you in person Tammy I will gladly lick your feet and do your bidding! And I urge all of you reading this to drop her a line at her fan club address. She is prompt and openminded. You can worship one of the greatest living Giantesses of our time! Send her gifts, flowers, money, and anything else that our lovely and wicked Giantess queen deserves. Read on little ones!!!!

Tammy Parks, 217 East 70th Street, P.O. Box 1433, New York, New York 10021.

This is the second Giantess Show survey. It should be filled out by women only, in their own hand writing and sent back to YUM Y, PO Box 1231, Buffalo, NY, 14213. Photocopies are fine.
PLEASE

1.) First name: Tammy Parks
2.) Age: 20
3.) Favorite Color: _____
4.) Eye color: Brown
5.) Hair color: Honey Blonde, Iwuz RED
6.) Do you paint your fingernails? yes > I have them done for ME
7.) Do you paint your toenails? yes
8.) If yes for 6-7, what color? Pearl / Red or Pink toes
9.) Do you wear perfume? yes What Kind? Romeo Gigli and Clinique Aromatics
10.) Describe your favorite type of footwear: High-High Heels that Show the Toes, sexy
11.) Do you enjoy stepping on insects? no
12.) Why or why not?
Yuk - they have green blood

13.) If you could develop any method of shrinking people as small as you wanted them, what way would you like to do it? (ray gun, spell, nose twinkle etc...)
Glare at them w/ A mean Look

14.) Who would you shrink first? People who aren't paying
15.) Why? enough Attention to ME

16.) How small would you make 'em? 3-5inches
17.) What would you do to him, her, or them immediatley after the shrinking took place? Be detailed as possible.
Laugh - Show off my size, pick him up, inspect him.

16.) Where would you keep them if you wanted them alive?
in a Little miniature cage
17.) Would you enjoy toying with a tiny man? Sure
18.) Why? Details.
He would be cuter

19.) Would you step on anyone? yes - women who get in
20.) Why? my way or girls who I'm Jealous of.
I'm tired of Being Diplomatic

21.) If you could shrink a famous person, who & why? A wealthy international prince then he would be all mine.

22.) If you could grow 50ft. tall or taller for one day, would you & why??

To get a good view.

23.) If you could wear anything you wanted for that day, what would it be? In detail: SOMETHING SMALL Black & Sexy

24.) What might you do first if you were a giantess for a day? Then what? WALK around - Climb mountains go around the world in just a couple of steps

25.) Would you enjoy watching a woman or women toying with little men? Why? yes like strippers do to men in strip clubs

26.) Would you enjoy seeing giant women terrorizing a town full of tiny people? it's funny

27.) Would you rather shrink people or grow bigger then them? Why? Shrink them it's tough being too big I would know

28.) Do you think that you would be sexually aroused by being a giantess? Towering over the world? maybe, that's a pretty far out idea

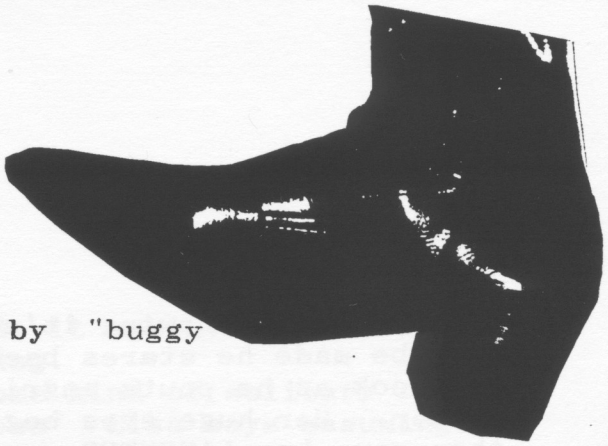
29.) What do you think of this survey? Fascinating

30.) Comments on any of these subjects? 11

31.) Does GIANTESS SHOW have the permission to print your answers to these questions? yes as long as I get proper

Thank you Thank you Thank you for your time! If there is anything you would like to know about Giantess Show or anything Gts related please write to YUM Y , PO BOX 1231, Buffalo, NY, 14213

"60 Ft." Celebrity coverage.
And Please print my Fan Club info. Thanks Tammy Parker



THESE BOOTS PT II by "buggy

"Jill what the hell are you screaming about?"

"Nothing... I uh I..."

"What are you trying to hide??"

"Nothing! jeesus Lisa!"

"Bullshit! Move!"

Lisa quickly and coldly shoves Jill out of the way only to discover the incredible living doll man cowering on the glass floor of the round fish bowl in which he is captive standing before her on the dresser. Ken, the once normal sized young man, instantly recognizes the new giantess and turns away from her crouching in a frightened fetal position. Lisa is the best friend of Maria, his ex-girlfriend. He recalls instantly how much Lisa has always hated him.

Like the time where she blackmailed and humiliated him by somehow taping a spicy phone call between himself and Maria. Lisa even threatened to play it to his mother if he didn't pay her $100. He agreed and paid her and yet she ended up playing the conversation to an entire cocktail party the next night! For weeks people gave him strange looks. His shoe fetish exposed for gossip hounds to chew on for weeks. Of all giants he could know, it had to be his biggest enemy.

Lisa and Maria were inseparable. They did everything together... they told each other EVERYTHING. This mortified him most of all. This blonde bitch getting the thrill of her hateful lifetime at his helpless expense. Not only does she know all about his shoe and foot addictions but she knows that she has damaged his reputation and she likes it!

It was evil Lisa who lied to Maria and broke them up in the first place. She claimed to have seen him kissing another girl at a local pub called "The Old Pink". It was a lie and it was a constant source of anger and stress for Ken. Maria was still his ultimate even after a year had passed and even though she stated publicly that he should rot in hell and leave her alone. What would Maria do with him at his new size? Or worse... Lisa!

"Holy shit! What the? What?"

Lisa says flustered and smiling in awe of the scene. Her large blue eyes open wide with wonder and something more. Julie giggles girlishly in the background while Jill mumbles to herself. The chatter of goddesses?

"Where the hell did you get him? Did you guys do this to him?? This is crazy! It's weird but kinda cool..."

She lifts the bowl before her wild eyes to inspect the curious naked little pet of a man. Twisting and raising it as though she was inspecting an apple.

"He's scared of me! He won't let me see him?"

Lisa says and then tilts the bowl back forcing tiny Ken

on his back. Knowing it's inevitable that the connection will be made he stares back up at her. His tiny hands cover his cock as he pouts angrily at his enormous female foe and captor. Her huge eyes begin to squint for a few moments and then came her LAUGHTER... loud terrible familiar ugly laughter.

"Ken?? Ken Ridel???" she screeches with glee.

"Is that you???" she smiles down at him.

"Yes, it's me Lisa" dead pan.

"You know the little pervert???" Jill chimes in scowling at the captive little man.

"Shit yeah... he used to go out with Maria back in the day! Ha ha haa... He's a jerk!"

"Yeah he is, he just jerked off on those boots a minute ago!" Julie exclaims with an amused and accusing tone.

"No kidding? hmmnn still into shoes and all that kinky shit, huh Kenny?" Lisa says like a wicked little girl.

"Yes! We saw him getting all funky over those boots at the thrift store! We cracked up and he just started shrinking like that! It was like a twilight zone... crazy" Julie says while chewing a piece of gum.

"So we put him in the boot and bought 'em"

"What should we do with him Lisa? Give him to his parents or something? Jill asks rubbing her gigantic gloved fingers together while staring at him.

"Wait a minute! Did you just say that he jerked off just now?!!"

"Yeah Lisa, Jill was about to squish him to death when you walked in... " Julie states anxiously.

"You little monster!! You're gonna have to pay for that!" Lisa glowers and proceeds to cover Kens tiny head with a shower of spit.

"Thats just the beginning little man..." She places the fish bowl back on the night stand and begins to pace back and forth. Her mind obviously racing with hot thoughts of cruelty. The nightmare becoming even more unbearable. At his tiny size he is completely impotent to stop these mythological sized titanesses around him. Could Lisa hate him enough to just kill him? It was certainly possible he thought. Who would ever know?? His corpse could be destroyed with incredible ease. He knew then that the only chance of survival was to escape from these terrible fiends who have made him their captive. But where would he go? Where could he go? These thoughts pounded relentlessly in his tormented mind.

"If he touches himself in front of any of us he's gonna have hell to pay... I'll snip his fucking dick off with my fingernails! You hear me Kenny!! Snip! just like that" she snaps her huge fingers at him.

"I think we should leave him alone he's freaked out and all..."

"Julie! Shut up! What he did was gross and disgusting

and wrong, he has to pay or he'll do it again!" Jill says as if she was talking about a bad dog.

"Maybe we should put him in some kind of solitary confinement to get our message across" Lisa says assuming the roll of warden.

"Maybe we should poke him with a needle or something..." Jill says coldly.

"No, we'll give him a chance to be good"

Lisa reaches in and easily clutches Ken. He doesn't bother struggling. Soon he is helpless in her grasp. Her cold grip gets slowly tighter as her grin gets bigger. He groans as she squeezes him a touch to much. A giant satisfied smirk looms above him. Lisa's gigantic red lips curled with power. Her breath harsh with tobacco's scent.

"Kenny you have no idea how much I'm enjoying this moment! Tee hee! You have simply not a clue! Girls you did good! This is so good!"

Julie and Jill get closer to examine again their incredible little captive. Jill's face cold as usual with a her usual scowl. Julie is giddy with excitement as if she has caught her first beer buzz. And Lisa stands happy in the pure rush of an ultimate power trip over life.

Thoughts of Gulliver go through his mind. Is he in another land? Could it still be a dream? Around him nothing but walls of female flesh. The curves of women so enormous and wild. Somehow thru the fear he felt himself getting aroused again. Lisa's fist tightened and his cock bobbed against her leathery yet smooth giant skin.

"I'm calling Maria over. You're gonna meet her new boyfriend Kenny! How does that sound? Hahahahahahah"

His pathetic little body was trapped by her incredible giant hand, which was like the size of a bed. Her perfume invaded his tiny nostrils in strong waves. Her fingernails were like painted shovel heads to him. Red like a sports car finish and flawless. He placed a hand on her thumb nail which was covering most of his waist. It was cooler than her hot pulsating skin. He could feel the blood pumping all around him through her semi damp white skin.

With every movement she made his point of view changed. One second he would see the distant carpeted floor so far away it made him feel sick. The next there would be nothing but Lisa's skin tight white tank top t shirt and her hill sized breasts looming before him. This nightmare seemed to have no hope for peace. It was too disturbing to consider the new reality and it's consequences so he tried to shake it from his rattled mind. Lisa picks up a pink phone and dials a number with her free hand.

"Maria! You have to come over right NOW!" her voice demanding yet excited. "Don't worry about that just get your ass over here! I have a phat surprise for you! Yup! And bring Joey over! He is... damn... Ok see you in an hour!"

Cradled before her wall sized face again he awaited the villainnesses words. Her smug grinning air so horrible and unchangeable. She smiled so viciously it was as though she was hoping for some feeble fight from her strange little pet. Then she could crush his entire existence in a simple instant. The possibilities of death at his new size were astronomical. He noticed her smile again, her teeth grinding with pleasure.

"Well, Maria is coming over and she still has a bone to pick with you! She thinks you screwed Kay Parker! Ha ha! Everytime I bring up your name or hers she gets pissed. I can't even wait to see what she'll do with you now little man!"

At that cue all three giantesses began to laugh on all sides of him. Lisa in front of him hooting wildly. Julie to his right side giggling stupidly. And Jill with her terror laugh in full gear. There he was the pawn and joke of three young women. Lisa, he knew was 27 but the others could be 17-21 how could he tell? Regardless these women were now the undisputed owners of his changed new world.

Suddenly his building anger overwhelms him. He starts struggling with all his might. Moaning like a mad football player out of control. His arms beating ferociously at his captor's giant hand. His tiny heart pounding with the pure fire of hatred. Nothing... but LAUGHTER.

He squirmed and kicked what he could of his restrained legs. Nothing. LAUGHTER. He tried again. Nothing. The girls were caught up in a frenzy of laughter. The more he struggled the louder they mocked him with giggles and taunts. It seemed like an eternity. Finally the hand wrapped very tightly around him. His entire body was clasped in Lisa's enormous grip. She had easily pinned his arms and squeezed him with enough pressure to subdue and scare the shit out of him.

"Poor little Kenny in the palm of MY HAND! Forget about it baby you ain't never goin anywhere! You know what I'm sayin?"

"Lisa, Listen to me... all of you.. something has gone wrong with me it could happen to you... bring me to a doctor what if theres some sort of strange virus out there? It's for your own good! You've had your fun with me already! Let me go! "

"A strange virus that goes around shrinking men? Humnnnn thats a very interesting thought... "

"Maybe he's right Lisa he could be contaminated or something??" Julie said slightly scared.

"Thats why I'm wearing gloves, I ain't touching his dirty little body!" Jill stated proudly.

"Ok, take him into the bathroom..."

Lisa hands little ken over to the silky gloved hands of the ever cold and bitchy Jill. The satin material was quite a luxurious feel against his limp body. It was an incredible

rush to slip and slide in her grasp. His hands could get no traction against the thick satin like material which he couldn't identify. His cock was throbbing against it but apparently it wasn't enough for Jill to notice.

"Be good or I'll flush you down the toilet little man!" Her palm opened and he slid hard against the pool sized sink floor. It was cold and he couldn't help but shiver.

"Stand under the water"

Jill took one of her gloves off. Ken couldn't help but giggle to himself. To see this red headed pretty young woman biting her glove from her dainty yet giant hand was just plain cute. Splash! The water came down cold as hell. He jumped away from the thick freezing stream.

"Sorry..." Jill said with some honesty.

She made some adjustments and stuck her fingers under the stream and shoved him under it with her free still gloved hand. It was a shock again but this time a pleasant one. The water was warm and soothing against his shaking body. It was the first moment of peace since his nightmare had begun.

"Ok step out for a second" Jill demanded casually.

Splosh! What seemed like a gallon of soft soap fell on his head. It smelled good but was all over his hair and body. He worked vigorously to clean himself off. Time was still.. Even though there were two giant women watching him and laughing as he bathed he didn't mind anymore. He actually felt somewhat safe and humble.

"He needs clothes don't you think?" Julie asked.

"Yeah, go in my bedroom closet I have a little box full of old doll clothes we'll see if anything fits him."

The water kept coming down warm and he scrubbed at himself the whole while. When it seemed the soap was out of his hair he sat down and lounged in the friendly shower. Soon enough a box was placed on the edge of the sink. It was large enough to fit a Lincoln car in he though to himself.

"Heres a pair of shorts. Try 'em on little man." Julie smiled down at him. Her dark eyes twinkling. They were a bit too big and baggy but the shorts were better than a dress. Even though the white shorts were for a Ken doll they were still a bit too big for him. He thought about the irony of his situation. Soon enough the joke was cracked.

"Hey! Your name is Ken! That's so cute!" Julie laughed.

Just then Lisa stormed in the room pushing the girls out of the way to get a better view of the doll man.

"Good, he's clean now. Nice call on the short selection girls. That way we don't have to see the world smallest penis! Ha ha ! The incredible little penis man! Small as rice! I love this! This is so good girls! I wish I could do this to so many other people! Damn what fun I'm gonna have! I have an idea girls... he's gonna make us rich beyond our wildest dreams!" Lisa was obviously seeing deep into some terrible future.

"Whadda ya mean Lisa?"

"You don't worry about that..."

Lisa snatched Ken up in her grasp again. Her blue eyes glowing with something sinister. Her grip was very tight. He had trouble breathing even but didn't dare complain to the big bitch now holding his entire body in the palm of her hand.

Suddenly he found himself dangling upside down. He was being held by his feet. He was dizzy and feeling sick. He could see that he was hanging over the toilet, which seemed like a strange white pool about 25 yards below him.

"I could flush you like the little shit you are! Just like a dumb dead goldfish! I just have to open my fingers and plop!"

Now he found himself dangling by one foot. Lisa was toying with him again. He could see nothing but glances of gigantic tits and the occasional view of a smiling giantess above him.

"Ok, Kenny I've got a job for you to do while we wait for Maria to show up"

He was switched over to her other hand as they headed downstairs. What job did the big bitch have in store for him? He figured it would be humiliating and horrible. The sound of the girls walking was like distant thunder. Soon he found himself standing free on a coffee table. It was a moment of freedom and he decided to run for it. He made quick strides heading for the edge. Hopping over a lighter and some change. Slam!

He hit something hard and fell flat on his ass. It was Jill's hand preventing his escape. His body ached with pain and exhaustion.

"Look here Kenny, cut the shit! Where are you gonna go? You could get eaten by a rat or killed by a spider? You got nowhere to go! If you wanna stay alive you're gonna have to play by our rules. Don't fuck around or I'll step on your ass! Got it?" Lisa said flicking his tiny skull gently.

He nodded back and sat waiting for instructions from the blonde monster. He knew she was right. He had to rely on these giant girls to exist. It was simple logic. Even though he was at their mercy he knew it would be an even bigger nightmare out in the world of giants...

"Ok, Kenny its time for you to do what you like best... playing with feet!" Lisa said as she plopped down a huge stinky barefoot next to him. It was a beautiful foot but it was on the meanest woman alive.

"Lisa, he's going to get all excited again!!" Jill whined.

"No, Kenny is going to show us that he will do as we please. If he tries to touch that piece of rice I'll cut it off in a second and solve that problem for good." Lisa smiles proud of her ability to make laws.

"Now, Kenny I want you to do a good job rubbing my foot,

give it your all little man. Or else you fucking die!!"

He began massaging the giant female foot and fought with himself trying not to be aroused. Even through the intense hate and fear toward the evil giantess Lisa, he still found himself excited. He was erect and did his best not to let his penis touch her flesh.

He rubbed his entire little body against her stinky foot. He stroked and grinded with all his might. The wall sized sole stood high above him. On all sides nothing but the normal things of a once normal world. Lighters the size of logs. Cups that he could fit in!

"Can you even feel him??" asks Julie.

"Yeah, actually it feels really good. I may have found yet another reason to keep you alive Kenny!"

"You know that he's hard now Lisa?" Jill snides.

"So what? He knows he is touching the flesh of a goddess! He should be hard! He just can't touch it or he dies..." Lisa says.

With that leaving her mouth she pins Kenny to the table. Her giant big toe firmly on his chest. He can hardly breathe and is terrified. What will it feel like to be utterly squashed by this giants foot? How can he survive in the giant's world. It wasn't his any more. It belonged to the normal sized people. Even little girls could kill him. He would be mistaken for a doll and killed if a child found him. There were so many questions tormenting his mind that he even wished that she would kill him. He wished for her to crush his bones like a dry leaves underfoot. To end this bad dream. What was there to live for?

"Don't kill him Lisa!"

"Shut your mouth Jill! I'm calling the shots here!"

"Hey wait a minute! We bought him! He belongs to us!"

"Yeah, I paid for those boots that makes him MINE!" Julie says proudly.

"Feel like trying to save your little man Julie?" Lisa threatens certain death starting to stand up.

"Ok Ok ok he's yours I don't wanna see you make a gross mess out him."

"Julie you are such a wimp!" Jill whines.

"Hey, I know him. I'll figure out a way for you ladies get a little man or two of your own... ok..."

"How do you mean?" Julie asks.

"Yeah, how the hell are you going to do that?"

"Well, it happened because of those boots or your laughter..."

"How do you figure? Maybe the freak shot bad drugs or something? Or he's got radiation?" Jill says.

"Well, go get the boots and we'll do some fucking research! Hurry Julie!" Lisa commands.

"Lisa you are on crack. You think we can shrink people with a pair of old go go boots? Thats crazy!"

"Hey, heres the proof! A little Ken Ridel! Rubbing my

foot cause his peon existence depends on it! I have a little slave man Jill! A PET! I can DO ANYTHING I WANT WITH HIM! If those boots are magic or whatever than we are gonna be some very rich women who NO ONE can EVER stop! Hell, we could take over the world... ha ha ha"

"You are crazy. What if people find out about him? We'll be burned alive or something! We can't let anyone else know about him Lisa! Nobody!"

"Jill stop worrying! Trust your big sister! I have it all under control. I only wish those boots would fit me instead of you!"

Julie comes downstairs wearing the boots proudly.

"Here they are the incredible shrinking go go boots from hell!" She laughs.

Meanwhile Lisa lifts Ken from under her foot and puts him in her dirty white sock. The smell is unreal. He hates and loves it. He is trapped dangling in Lisa's giant sweaty sock. He feels himself being lifted. Lisa traps him between the leather cushions of the couch and makes sure he can not escape.

"Ok, now we need a test subject... who can we try them out on?" Lisa thinks.

"I want to shrink Dave G. that smug bastard at school!" Jill says.

"Yes! You have to get him for dumping you and all that..."

"He did not dump me moron! We split!"

"Yeah right sister!"

"Fuck you Lisa!"

"No, fuck Dave G. thats what I say! Lets shrink his ass and make his life a living hell! We'll have lots of pets."

"Well, who else? We need to see if they work? And how do we work em?" Julie says.

"Lets go to the mall and just try them out on someone."

"Good enough ladies! I'll put Kenny in the fish bowl and lets go try some shrinking." Lisa says.

"Cool"

"Dave G. is mine!"

Lisa whistles happily as she dangles Ken in her sock. He is being transported upstairs again he can hear the giantesses footsteps. He can only hope that Lisa doesn't loose her grip. Suddenly he is dropped against the glass floor of the fish bowl.

"Ok Kenny, hope you enjoyed your flight. Now listen up. Don't try and escape cause you'll never survive! Now I want you to do something for me now. ok?"

"Ok Lisa whatever you say..." he replies.

"I want you to dance your ass around and sing I'm a little tea pot fat and stout!"

"Jesus Christ Lisa don't be an ..." "Start singing frog man!" Lisa declares and slaps the side of the glass cage. The sound tortured his ear drums and knocked him on

his ass. Out of fear his body began prancing and singing the humiliating tune as loud as he could.

"Ha ha you cute fucking frog! I love this! Do you hear me? I love this shit!" Lisa was a power lover it was obvious and now she was out of control.

As Ken danced he had to remind himself that his life now depended on these giant women. The giants were his only chance for survival. As much as he wanted to die something made him dance on and on until she spat on him and left laughing and turning off the light. In the darkness he wondered what might happen if the girls succeed in shrinking another like himself? Could they perhaps beat the giants? Could they get in touch with the authorities? What could they do? Surely they would deliver the tiny beings into the hands of some secret government agency. Or else they would be freaks exploited by giants. There was no hope for freedom. Unless he could somehow grow again.

Not long after the girls enter the mall smiling and searching out a possible victim. They spot an older man staring at them from a bench. Lisa takes the lead and struts up the man who could have no clue as to what might be in store for him.

"Hi. My names Candy what's yours?" Lisa smiles as Julie and Jill stand attentive behind her.

"My name is James... uh" The balding man stutters in awe of the hot young gang in front of him.

"Hi James, what you doin'?"

"I'm waiting for my wife, uh, she's in the bookstore I'm just waiting here... I guess..." He smiles in hopes that these beauties might actually stay with him for a little while longer.

"James, theres something wrong with our car. We can't figure out how to get the lights off? Can you help us? Please James, you're so handsome and friendly looking?"

"Yeah, please we need help from someone smart" Julie adds in.

"Ok, I'll help you ladies out, my wife can wait, hell I always do!" He stands up and waits eagerly for the girls to lead the way. He is not a healthy man. Overweight and undistinguished.

The girls hurry him toward the car parked far from any others. They show him the car and pretend to fumble trying to find the keys. At this point all three women begin laughing as loud as they can at James.

"What is it?? What's so funny??" James begins to get concerned. He starts to leave when Lisa trips him onto the cement. She has hurt his back badly and he screams in pain and writhes around.

"Keep laughing! Shit! Shit!"

"It's not working!! What are we gonna do?"

"Keep laughing!! Louder!! Shut him up!!"

Out of fear Julie covers James's face with her boot.

The girls keep laughing and soon enough his screams stop.

"Is it working??"

Suddenly James begins to shrink quickly before them. Their laughter gets louder still. Within seconds he stands even smaller than Ken is. He stands tiny and naked above his clothing looking up at the three evil giantesses who have deceived him. He can't even scream for as soon as he opens his mouth Lisa reaches down and picks him up.

"Julie get his wallet and kick his pants under that car over there hurry up!"

"It works! The key is that the boots have to touch the persons flesh! I've figured it out! That's the key and hello Dave G!" Jill sings with glee.

"Ok, lets get in the car and get the hell out here now!" Julie yells as she returns from her Lisa given duty.

Inside the car Jill drives fast and Lisa tosses James back and forth between hands. She smiles wickedly at her helpless little pawn. Julie stares from the back seat eager for action. James is terrified his fat naked body is being rolled like dough by a giant bitch.

"Ok, pull over into that parking lot and go into the back over there... we're going to get rid of this fat little fucker. He has served us well. We know what to do. We don't HIM." Lisa says.

They get out of the car and Lisa sets the fat toy man on the ground. He tries to escape but Lisa blocks him with her giant white sneakers. The girls begin to kick him around between each other and laugh at his pathetic state. He cries and begs for mercy. Getting away for a second he kneels before them and begins to pray.

"Do you believe in god little man?" Lisa asks.

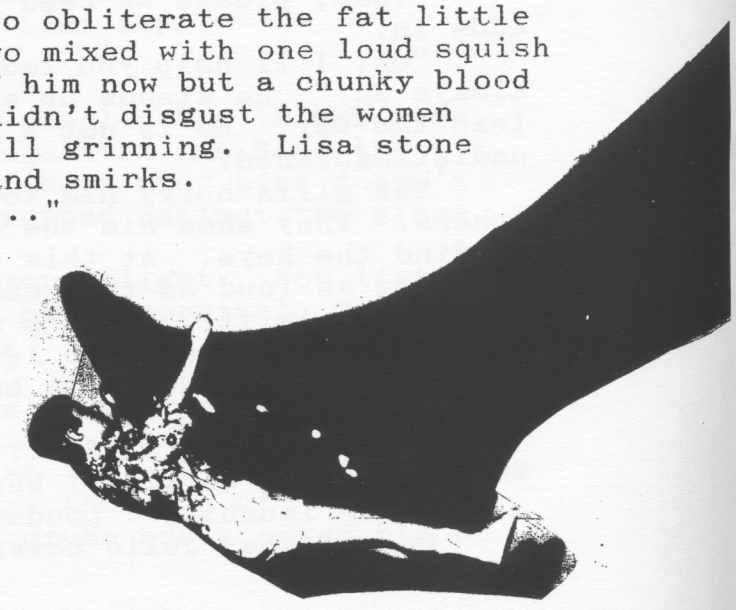
With that cue Jill steps up and towers directly above the peon man. She raises her black heel above him and coldly says.

"It's the bottom of my shoe fucker!"

Jill uses all of her force to obliterate the fat little man. He made a farty noise or two mixed with one loud squish noise. There was nothing left of him now but a chunky blood stain on the cement. The event didn't disgust the women though. They all sat silent. Jill grinning. Lisa stone faced and Julie fighting smiles and smirks.

"This is just the beginning..."

To be continued...

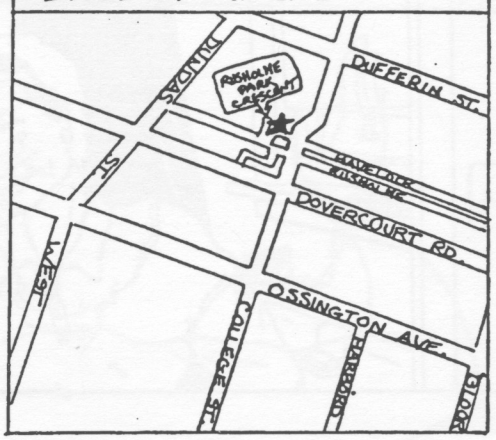


Venus' Fly Trap

By Nina Quim
©1996

I FIRST MET THE COUNTESS WHEN SHE PURCHASED THE HOUSE NEXT TO MINE—

A LOVELY VICTORIAN HOME IN THE WEST END OF TORONTO, JUST BEYOND 'LITTLE PORTUGAL'.



I WAS BOLD, BUFF, WEALTHY, HANDSOME, CHARMING, AND USED TO ACQUIRING WHATEVER I DESIRED...

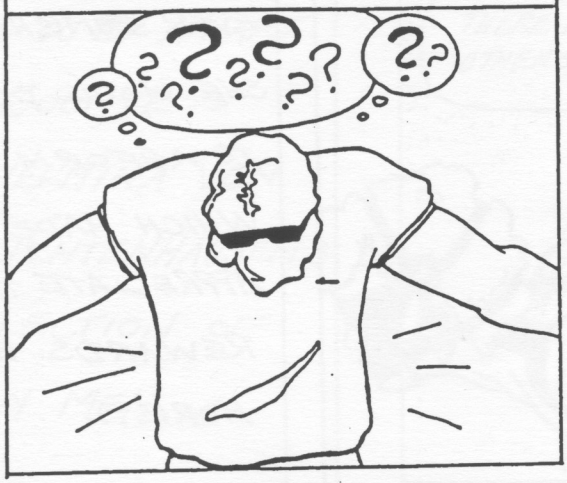
SO WHEN I DISCOVERED THAT I COULD WATCH HER TANTALIZING TITS WHILE SHE SHOWERED, I DETERMINED THAT I WOULD NAIL HER!

ONE WEEK LATER...
HI, THERE! I'M YOUR NEW NEIGHBOR, ANDRÉ. WOULD YOU BE SO KIND AS TO LEND ME A CUP OF SUGAR?
MAY I STEP INSIDE?
YAH. COME IN.

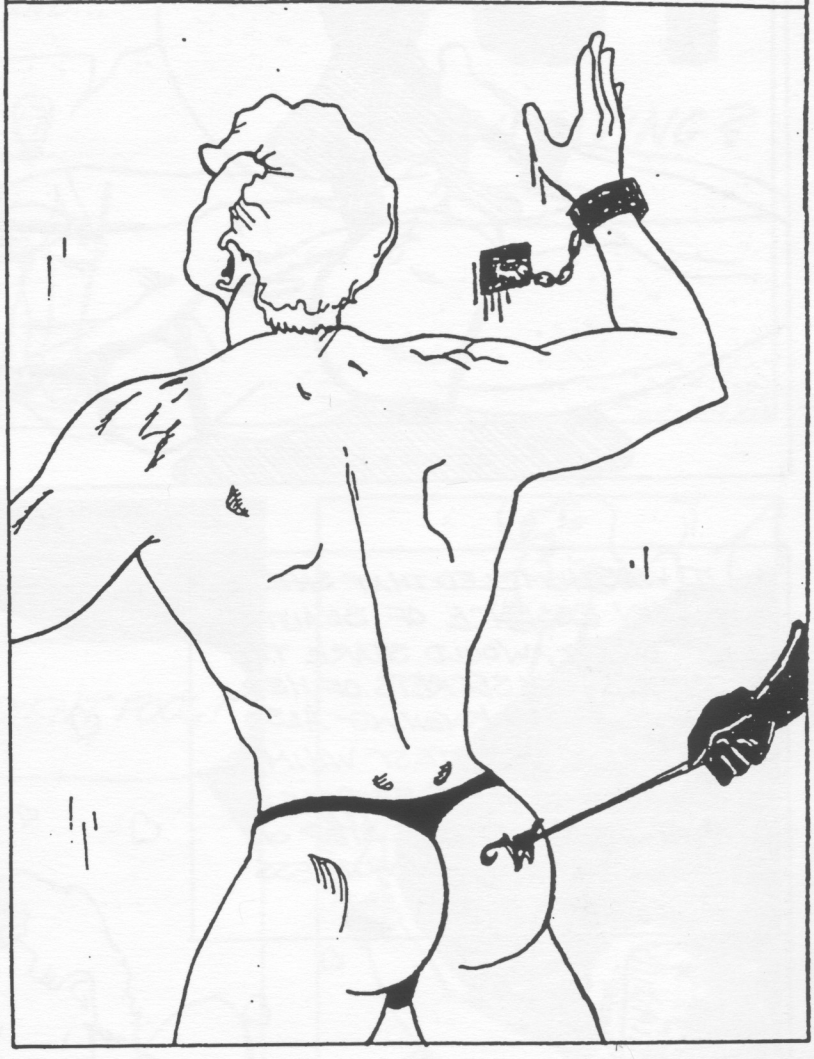
... SPYING AN ASSORTMENT OF RESTRAINTS AND SOME LEATHER GADGETS I WAS UNFAMILIAR WITH, I CONGRATULATED MYSELF FOR PREYING UPON A REAL WILDCAT. I PLANNED TO SAVOR **THIS** SEDUCTION.

NICE PLACE—PARTICULARLY THE BATHROOM. YOU KNOW, I'LL BET IF I WANTED TO, I COULD SEE RIGHT IN-TO THAT WINDOW FROM MY HOUSE.
YAH?
SO, ZE PLAN IS VORKING—I KNEW ZIS FOOL VOULD TAKE ZE BAIT!
COME WIS ME. I VANT TO SHOW YOU SOMEZING IN ZE BEDROOM!
WHATEVER YOU SAY, BA—AHHHHHH!
BE KVIET!

I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT - I'D BEEN SHRUNK!



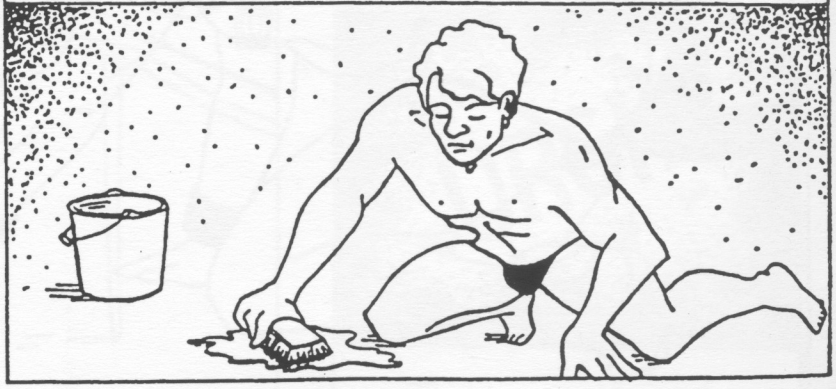
THE MAGNITUDE OF THE EVENT WAS OVERWHELMING IN IT'S IMPLICATIONS, WHICH I PONDERED ALONE IN MY CAGE AFTER BEING RITUALISTICALLY SHAVED AND BRANDED WITH HER INITIAL.

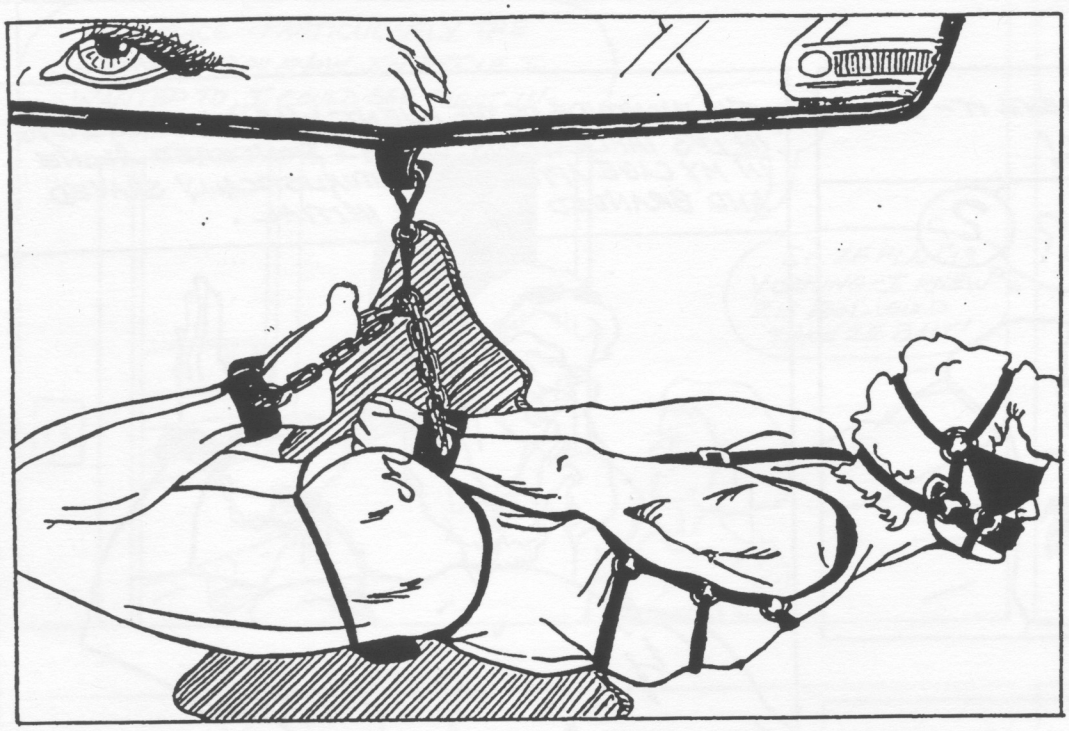


I HAD BECOME, LITERALLY, LESS THAN HUMAN...

IT TOOK **THAT** FOR ME TO REALIZE I HAD ALWAYS BEEN LESS THAN A MAN, MASKING MY COWARDICE AND IMMATURITY IN A SHOW OF MACHISMO, HIDING FROM THE TRUTH BEHIND CLOTHING AND POSSESSIONS. NOW, STRIPPED OF EVERY VESTIGE OF WHAT HAD ONCE VALIDATED ME AS PART OF THE HERD, THERE WAS SIMPLY NO ROOM FOR SELF-DELUSION.

EACH DAY OF SERVICE TO THE COUNTESS WAS A FRESH REVELATION. I BECAME THANKFUL FOR HER WISDOM AND THIS CHANCE TO WORSHIP HER THROUGH EVERY ACT OF MY BEING...



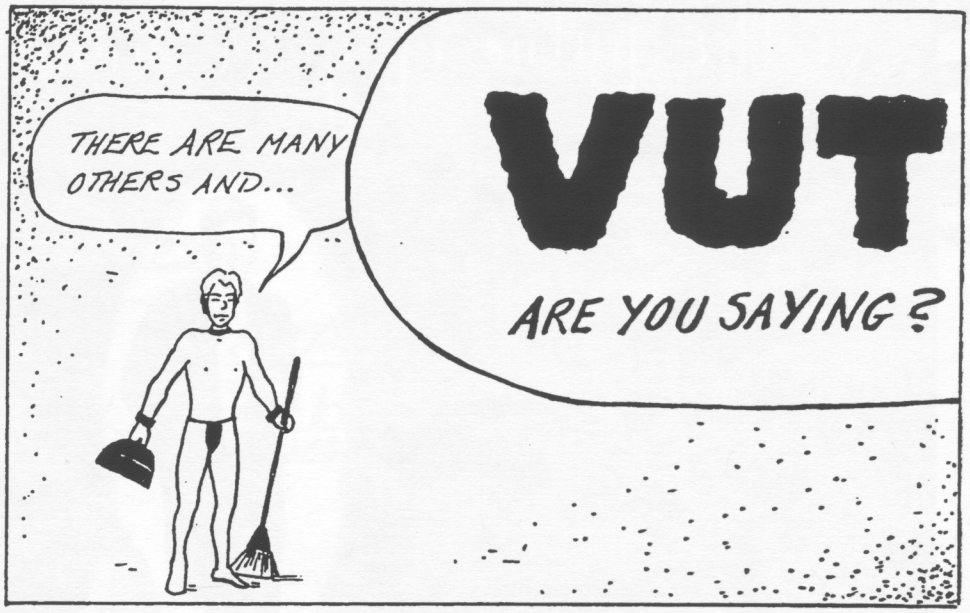


...TO ENDURE WHATEVER PUNISHMENT SHE WOULD DEVISE TO REFORM ME, WHICH MADE ME APPRECIATE THE REWARDS EVEN MORE...

... I WAS HUMBLED THAT SHE, THE VERY ESSENCE OF BEAUTY AND POWER, WOULD SHARE THE INTRICATE PINK SECRETS OF HER GLORIOUS FEET; KNOWING ALSO THAT, ON THE SLIGHTEST WHIM, SHE COULD CRUSH ME BETWEEN HER AWESOME TOES OR STEP ON ME LIKE THE TINY, WORTHLESS INSECT THAT I AM.

AIL QUER

... THAT IS HOW I CAME TO BE A PART OF COUNTESS WILHELMINA VON SCHLICHTENHAUSEN'S COLLECTION OF TINY MEN...



To be continued...

In the palm of your hand....

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the bewitching fragrance
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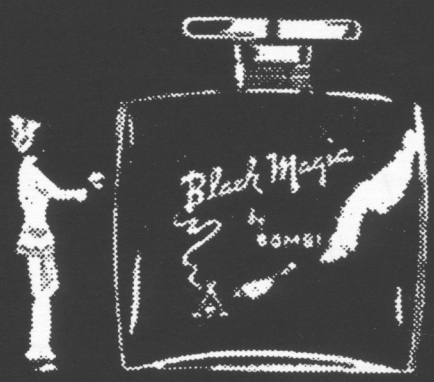

Perfume $2.00 ... $3.50 ... $5.00 ... $10.25

Toilet Water $1.25 ... $2.25 plus tax

This is a Giantess Show survey. It should be filled out b-
omen only, in their own hand writing and sent to YUM Y. PO
Box 1231, Buffalo, NY, 14213. Photocopies are fine.

YUM Y
P.O. BOX 1231
BUFFALO, NY 14213

GIRLS GET YOUR MAN!
NEW...DIFFERENT

1.) First name: DANA
2.) Age: 21
3.) Favorite Color: BLACK
4.) Eye color: GREEN
5.) Hair color: BLACK
6.) Do you paint your fingernails? Yes
7.) Do you paint your toenails? NO
8.) What color? RED
9.) Do you wear perfume? YES What Kind? ESCAPE
10.) Describe your favorite type of footwear:
Thigh high spike heeled leather boots (6" heels)
11.) Do you enjoy stepping on insects? of Course
12.) Why or why not?
Because they need displine

13.) If you could develop a method of shrinking people to any size you desired, what way would you like to do it?
(EX: ray gun, spell, nose twinkle etc...)
I would crush them between my magic thighs

14.) Who would you shrink first? my roommate Rica
15.) Why?
Because he is an inconsiderate insectile creature

16.) How small would you make 'em? as small as his penis
17.) What would you do to him, her, or them immediatley after the shrinking took place? Be detailed as possible.
Make him clean the bathroom floor.

18.) Where would you keep them if you wanted them alive?
in the space between my breasts

19.) Would you enjoy toying with a tiny man? certainly
20.) Why? Details.
All men are made to be toyed with.

21.) Would you ever step on anyone? yes.
22.) Why?
Because they weren't complying with my every wish, bad boys need to be punished.

23) Have you ever imagined what it might be like to be a Giantess? yes.

24.) If you could grow 50ft. tall or taller for one day, would you & why??
No. Can you imagine what size shoe I'd wear?

25.) If you could wear anything you wanted for that day, what would it be? In detail: If I was to grow to 50 ft tall, I would wear a black g-string & thigh high leather boots (size 16W wide!!!) Why not go topless? It's not like they can arrest you, right?

26.) What might you do first if you were a giantess for a day? Then what? I would rub my nipples to get them hard. (it's sexy) Then, since I'd be topless, I'd go prancing around and shake my enormous breasts for all the police men.

27.) Would you enjoy watching a woman or women toying with little men? Why? yes, It's a major ~~turn~~ turn on to see men put in their place.

28.) Would you enjoy seeing giant women terrorizing a town full of tiny people? As long as they were all bad boys, worthy of the attention.

29.) Would you rather shrink people or grow bigger then them? Why? (It's the shoe thing again) Shrink people plus I'd like a bunch of little people to clean my house!!!

30.) Do you think that you would be sexually aroused by being a giantess? Towering over everyone? yes, yes! yes!

31.) If so how would you satisfy your 50ft. lust? I guess I'd need a 50ft. dildo!

32.) What do you think of this survey? You GO GIRL!

33.) How did you get it? THE GIANTESS HERSELF AWARDED IT TO ME FOR SERVICES RENDERED.

32.) Comments on any of these subjects: I've heard about a lot of different fetishes but this one is new to me. It's really cool, I like it!

33.) Does GIANTESS SHOW have the permission to print your answers to these questions? OF COURSE DARLING!

Thank you Thank you Thank you for your time! If there is anything you would like to know about Giantess Show or anything Gts related please write to YUM Y , PO BOX 1231, Buffalo, NY, 14213 email at MASIE@DELPHI.COM

I'LL SQUASH YOU LIKE A BEETLE ON THE SIDEWALK LITTLE MAN!
VOOOOM!
CRUNCH
KISS MY HEEL LITTLE MAN OR I'LL SQUASH YOU LIKE A COACH ROACH!
by MAXIE D.

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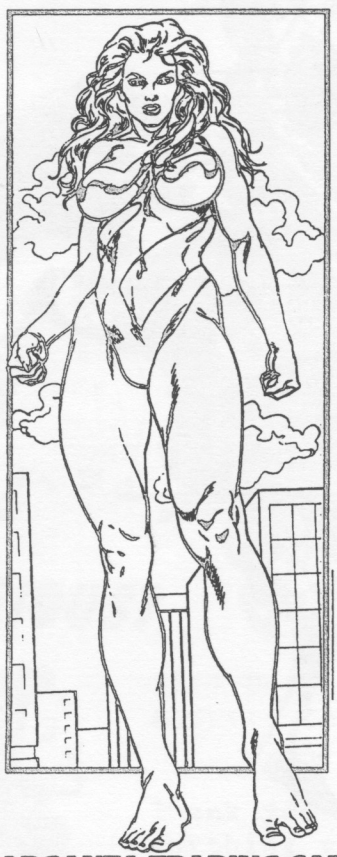


GARGANTA TRADING CARD

GARGANTA/TARA STICKER

THE BOY STEALERS PT I by Amy & D.G.

The alarm clock rang loudly in Amber's dreaming ears. Her whole body shook at the unpleasant sound. She extended her tired arm and slapped the screaming clock clear off the table.

"Shit!," she groaned angrily. "Another tricky day for me."

It was indeed another tricky day for Amber Archer, for her a day at school could be quite nerve breaking. She was different, so she thought and was constantly told by others, from almost everybody else. It wasn't just the way she dressed, it was something deeper and stranger.

Her mind was reeling, flashing surreal images of tiny cartoon like demons prancing around her. Swatting the little monsters away she finally woke up. In her typical Monday morning zombie-like way she strolled slowly into the shower, sat on the bath floor and turned the hot water on. Curling up in a cannonball position she slumped her head against the wall. She did this every morning with all the lights off. She likes to shower in the dark, in fact she likes everything dark.

Half-dazed her mind was filled with strange visions of childhood dreams. She turned the cold water on knowing she would never leave the shower with the hot water seducing her back to sleep. Her eyes opened. She grimaced as her head started to get back to normal. She thought about going to school and felt sick to her stomach.

"Shit!, I hate school. It's so fucking boring. All those fucking jerks! UGGH!" she said out loud to herself. She pictured all of her tormenters at school and imagined what new ways they would have for causing her grief.

She got out of the cold shower and caressed her young healthy body. She was maturing into a lovely young woman. Amber was a tender girl, not too skinny but still skinny. A petite and delicate looking young lady with straight long brown-reddish hair which fell like leaches upon her wet soft pale skin. She shook her head like a wet dog and tried to get as much water out of her hair as possible.

After drying herself completely, she observed her face in the bathroom mirror. Her large eye's were aqua blue. They were pretty like a tropical lagoon. Her cute nose was slightly turned upward and stood like weapon on her smooth and round face. Her eyebrows were dark and sat devilishly above her thick eyelashes. She was proud of her looks and felt that she was attractive. Anyway, she believed she was a

genius at putting on make up. Some would call it whore-ish others would call it sexy.

Time went by slowly as she painted on her she devil face. She didn't put too much on for school because at St. Mary's private co ed high school make up was frowned upon, at least the way she liked to put it on. Amber put her black stockings on while she listened to The Cramp's on her bedroom stereo. The devil-like guitar solo's filled her with an imaginary lustful power, which subsequently caused her to strut around like she was in a bad music video. She put on a thick black-turtle neck and a long black silky skirt with her knee high black leather boots.

Her room was a mess. Struggling with scattered clothes she finally found her favorite necklace. It was the one she found in an old shoe box on her grandmother's land in Salem. It was a gold antique looking globe-like container. It had strange Egyptian looking writings all over it as well as red and blue encrusted jewels. It was weird how she found it.

She was bored one Christmas holiday digging through old trunks in her grandma Amy's attic. After a major search she found nothing she wanted other than an old Buddy Holly record. When she asked grandma Amy why she didn't have anything good in the attic, grandma Any replied "You didn't look hard enough, honey, try again later..."

Two years later grandma Amy was dead. Amber was in the attic helping to clear stuff out when she found a box with a small note on it that read "to Amber, love Amy". Inside the box was a pair of old black leather gloves, a pair of nice black heels and the necklace. She never bothered with the gloves and shoes but she loved the medallion.

It was shaped like a small canteen and had a cap on the top but even after hundreds of attempts to open it, she could never do it. "Cleo" was the name she called the strange jewel. It was about the size of a peach-pit yet a little larger. She loved it. She put it on over her turtle-neck along with a pair of Indian earrings and walked downstairs.

On the kitchen table was a note from her mother explaining that she would not be home until 11 p.m. that night. Amber understood that her mother had lots of working to do since her father had left them so abruptly four years ago. She glanced at the clock and noticed that she had a little bit of time before her morning bus came to take her to St. Mary's. She ran upstairs turned off her stereo and then went outside.

The sun was shining brightly as it's loving heat fell upon Amber's grinning young face. She sat on her front porch and waited for the bus to arrive. Her favorite thing to do while she waited was to find insects and step on them. She wasted a few ants and then stomped on rather large potato bug. Soon enough the bus did arrive. The ride was a sleepy journey to what Amber considered "Hell".

Drifting to her locker she received a few strange

glances from younger students. At St. Mark's, Amber was considered some sort of punk-freak. People always look at her when she walks by. She usually wears dark colors and thrifty dresses and skirts. She didn't care what most of the kids thought anyway. "It's Elvira!" yelled someone behind her. She didn't bother to look. At her locker she ran into her best friends Heather and Donna. They had grown up together and have always been very close.

"Amber!," said Donna, "Are you going to the soccer game after school?"

"I doubt it. I really have allot of shit to do.", Amber stated. "Heather aren't you coming over after school today?", Amber ejected with a forcing tone.

"OH..Yeah!, that project.", Heather added.

"We can't make it to the soccer game Donna. Sorry.", Amber said.

"OK! your loss girls. I'm playing today!", Donna said.

Ring...Ring! The bell sounded and the girls said quick good byes and ran off to their separate homerooms. Amber casually walked to her seat in the back left hand corner of the room. Flipping her hair back, she noticed Jamie Moses, her ex-boyfriend and number tormentor, staring at her. He sat at the front of the room a few rows over. His eyes were clearly fixed on her. He gazed at her with a face full of disgust. He always made a point of trying to scare her with his wanna be evil looks.

He and Amber were enemies since they broke up two months ago. They only went out for about three months until Amber found out that he was fooling around with Erica Vissel at a party. Amber was hurt so she just cut off all relations with Jim, the name he liked to be called. Ever since he is always giving her a hard time.

Amber refused to look at his distorted face. The more she thought about him the more she hated him. Suddenly, something hit the side of her face. It was a spitball shot from Paul Georges, one of Jim's good friends. Laughter erupted from a slew of young boy's mouths, including Jim's, which was sadistic and loud. Wiping her face she saw Victoria Quaile smirk with amusement at the scene. There was a sudden silence as Mr. Garcia waltzed into the room.

Amber's head exploded with plans of revenge on Jim. She was tired of his crap and her friends were always coaxing her to do something back. She thought of devious plans to hurt him but knew she would never get up the courage to go through with any of them. As much as she didn't like Jim, she didn't care enough to take the time to hurt him and get herself in trouble. She liked to imagine all day long of things to do to him. The day went by smoothly and there were only a few giggles and utterances of disdain that came her way.

After school Heather and Amber watched T.V. Amber sat fooling around with Cleo. Heather lounged on the long green couch and chomped on potato chips.

"What do you want to do?", Amber said in a bored tone.

"I don't know, let's call Jim and breathe really heavy!", responded Heather.

"No,No,No that's gay. In fact that is so high school it hurts!" Amber retorted. "I wanna do something witchy..."

Suddenly Cleo's chain busted and the curio fell upon the oriental rug in the family room. Amber quickly picked it up.

"I don't believe this, this chain never ever busted before. I've had this necklace since I was a youngin!", she said and observed it. "You know Heather I've been trying to open this damn thing for years!"

"Let's try again. Let's go nuts on it till' it opens. After all the chain is busted and it won't be the same without the original chain.", Heather said.

"Well, ...get a monkey wrench or something?", Amber said.

"No, let me see it first.", said Heather. She played with it in her hands. Pushing at all the various jewels that were implanted in the amulet. She knocked it on the coffee table 3 times. As soon as she was done the top of the amulet popped open. The girls stared at each other for a moment until Amber grabbed the amulet. Inside appeared to be some kind of dark red fluid. At first they thought it was blood. It was a strange miracle that Heather got the amulet to open and they both knew it.

They exchanged the amulet on and off for about a half hour trying to figure out what the mysterious liquid could be. They were sure that it was blood but Heather was wondering if it could be poison? Besides wouldn't blood dry after so many years?

The curious girls decided to conduct an experiment with the unknown liquid. They would feed it to their neighbors cat. Even though they were unsure of the effects they didn't like the cat anyway, so they trapped it and dosed it by putting a drop of the mysterious liquid on it's tongue. The cat squealed and the two girls stepped back to watch the results.

The small black cat then sat calmly, looking at the two staring girls. Puff!!! A puff of purple smoke and the cat was gone. Or was it? The girls freaked out. They started to look around the yard trying to find remains or something left of it. Then Amber found something. She thought it was some kind of mouse at first but as she looked closer she realized that it was the cat.

Only now it was tiny, very tiny. The cat was about 1 inch high. Amber picked it up in her hand. She was amazed at the now miniscule cat in the palm of her hand. Heather was equally amazed.

"That stuff shrank the fucking cat!", Heather ejaculated with glee. Amber shook her head in disbelief.

"What are we going to do?", Heather said.

The grinning plotting girls eventually agreed on a plan. Amber will call Jim and beg for him to come over. She would then start fake crying and tell Jim she missed him. She would hate every minute of the fake conversation but the pay off was worth it. The years of torture that she could inflict on a little Jim tickled her demented fancy into ecstasy. It was around supper time and he lived about a block away from Amber's house.

Heather dialed the numbers. He answered the phone. At first he was rude and mocked Amber out calling her a "Little Cry-Baby Bitch!", which he yelled again and again. Amber's begging wasn't working. She then promised him a blowjob. He accepted instantly and said he was going to come over in half an hour. He had no clue as to his curious fate.

Amber and Heather prepared an old hamster cage with old barbie doll furniture. They moved fast and left the cage on the kitchen table when they were finished with their interior decorating job. Amber ran to the bathroom and put on her make-up in dashing devil girl style. Crimson lipstick and nails. Dark blue eye shadow that fell over her youthful eyes. She was sexy as hell for being only 18.

Heather had long strawberry blond hair and dark brown eyes. Her features were simple yet eye catching. She didn't wear any make-up. She had on a long white t-shirt and an old thrifty green skirt with Indian designs along the bottom. The girls were dressed and ready for fun.

The doorbell rang and Jim stood on the front porch of Amber's house. He was dressed casually with a grey sweat shirt and torn up jeans. He was obviously on some sort of power trip over Amber. He was a nasty boy.

"What the hell do you want?", Jim demanded. He walked inside and shut the door. Heather took Jim aside as Amber ran upstairs with fake sobs and tears.

"She wants you back Jim, I know it!.", Heather told him.

"So! She had her chance!", Jim shot back.

"Well, she's acting strange lately..I mean she keeps talking about...you know...doing it?", Heather whispered. His eyes widened as he anticipated a possible sexual encounter with Amber.

"Oh! really..?", Jim remarked scratching his chin.

Jim suddenly ran to Amber's room with a face of fake concern that anyone could have seen right through. When he walked into her messy room, he saw her holding a shot glass of something. She put it away quickly and wiped fake tears from her eyes. Jim sat down beside her looking at the glass.

"Look I'm sorry about Erica. I was drunk I swear!", Jim said soothingly.

"Do you mean it?", Amber exclaimed in excitement.

"Of course I do!... hey, what were you going to drink over there? Vodka?", Jim said approaching the filled shot glass.

"No. It's creme de mint. I was going to drink it but I

don't want it anymore. Give it to me I'll empty it out.", Amber ordered. Jim snatched it quickly and smelled the dark green creme de mint.

"Don't drink that! You'll get drunk or worse maybe you'll....", Amber stated.

"Give me a break! One shot never hurt any body! I can handle it. Trust me.", He declared.

"You really shouldn't..", but before Amber could finish her words Jim slugged the whole shot in one quick gulp. Amber started laughing out loud in a an evil witch like tone. He looked at her like she was crazy.

"What's so fucking funny?", Jim grunted looking around.

"Heather bring the cage I got him!", Amber yelled. Jim looked quite confused as he walked in a daze.

"You bitches! What's in the shot glass!! Fuck!" PUFF!! A flash of purple light and smoke that quickly floated away. Then on the floor sat Jim's clothes with him nowhere to be seen. Amber glanced at the empty clothes and then noticed a little figure moving underneath the grey sweatshirt. She reached her hand inside the sweat shirt toward the tiny creature. A small shriek was heard when her fingers grabbed the tiny desperate body. Amber cautiously picked him up like he was a small and fragile doll. He tried hard to break from the giant's grip but he was helpless. He was about 6 inches tall and naked. She lifted his puny body with two fingers wrapped around his waste. It worked. Jim was now a living doll in Amber's control.

She held him up to her wild insane eye's and observed him like an apple. Amber laughed in her head at how simple it was to trick him. She knew that Jim wouldn't turn down any opportunity to have sex with her. When they were together he was always throwing passes at her, then again she caught a few of them.

Jim passed out in Ambers grip. The shock of his new form was to much for anyone to handle easily. Amber placed him in the cage on a small yellow doll bed that she used to play with. Heather covered his small body with a felt white cloth. They locked the cage and put it in Amber's bedroom closet. They sat by the telephone ready to execute the next part of their plan.

"O.k., It's been about half an hour since Jim left his house. I'll call his house and ask where he is, When his mother or whoever answers, I'll tell them that he was supposed to come over and he should have been here by now. I'll tell whoever answers the phone that Jim should call me when he gets home.", Amber explained to Heather.

"Perfect. Jim won't be coming back, act all concerned and tell them you'll call if you here from him"

"Exactly."

While Amber acted out her concerns, Heather gathered Jim's empty clothes and hid them in a bag under Amber's bed. The plan was working well. It was almost as if it had been

destined from the beginning of time. The girl's knew that everything was falling into place.

As time dragged on the girls sat by the phone answering all of Jim's worried mother's questions. After that they began debating who the next victim should be until Heather got picked up by her older brother Tom.

Amber stayed in her room thinking and staring at the cage. Her mother came home at 11.p.m. She told the stories and acted out her devious lie perfectly. Her mother never really liked Jim anyway but she was concerned about his well being as well as his concerned mother calling all night.

After Amber exclaimed that she felt terrible she ran to her room in a shower of more fake concern. Her mother sat calmly. She thought that she understood Amber's feelings. The phone calls finally stopped and it was around 1 a.m. Amber was in bed with her eyes wide opened. As soon as her mother went to bed, Amber sat up and gazed with evil anticipation at the silent closet holding her captive enemy.

She carefully removed the cage and placed it on her bed. A few candles lit up the dark room. She locked her door as quietly as she could. Jim was awake it was obvious that he was exhausted from numerous attempts of an impossible escape. He screamed but his voice could barely be heard ten feet from the cage, Amber didn't worry for her mothers room was a good thirty feet across a long hall.

Amber kept a face of stone as she opened the cage door. Jim sobbed and ran to the corner. He huddled in a little ball shivering from fear. Amber was amused at his manic state that was caused by her. She grabbed his naked body and toyed with his arms and legs as she lifted him from the cage. He was terrified of Amber's wrath. He was helpless against a giant of her size and he knew it.

"Look what we have here...Why it's Tom Thumb? No, it's little Jamie Moses. How cute!!", She giggled as if she was talking to a baby. She held him in her huge hands and played with him like a doll. Lifting and tossing him around.

Jim was crying. He was really quite scarred. Amber felt this yet with every one of Jim's tears of terror she found herself smiling more and more. She was now a God. To little Jim anyway. She had him literally in the palm of her vengeful hand.

Power mad, she lost control. Her face turned to a scowl as she started toying with Jim's peon penis, which was tiny yet could be placed between two fingers. Jim was being raped by Amber's giant fingers. Her insides tickled with insane excitement that glowed from her now demented wide eye's. She had never really touched a guy's penis before and she was curious about her new toy's belonging, which now belonged to her.

Her delicate fingers rubbed Jim's tiny part as her other hand clenched his struggling helpless body. He was squirming like a fish out of water. The more he squirmed the more Amber

toyed. She was transformed into a different and mean spirited person that she never really thought existed. Suddenly she saw Jim's prick explode a tiny amount of white fluid. It fell about her still moving fingers. He was now still and his cries stopped as he lay worn out and helpless. Amber knew what it was even though she had never seen it up close before. It was sticky she thought. She wiped it in his hair and laughed.

She ignored him as a human being. She was treating him like a useless pet. She tossed him back in the cage and wiped her fingers again on her bed.

"You little shit!", Amber yelled softly at Jim's now cringing body. She pointed her huge finger at him ominously. She locked the cage and swayed it around as she placed it in the bedroom closet under a bunch of clothes.

The next day at school everybody talked about the disappearance of Jamie Moses. Heather and Amber played it off so well they got to leave early. Their teacher Mr. Garcia gave them a ride. He was concerned but he also seemed to have a thing for staring at Heathers legs and feet.

"Let's see if our pet is awake!", Amber said full of glee.

"I can't wait to hold that little dick in my hand!" Heather shot back.

The girls ran upstairs and quickly uncovered the cage to view the angry little Jim. He was wrapped in a small cloth and swearing as the girls laughed and Heather reached in and gripped him.

"This is awesome! Look Amber look, I'm holding Jamie Moses in the palm of my hand!! And there is NOTHING he can do about it!", Heather gloated.

At that statement little Jim bit into Heathers hand as hard as he could. She yelped and tossed him on the bed hard. He immediately began running toward the edge of the bed. The girls watched amazed at the little man's speed.

"Get him!!", they both shouted.

He jumped off the edge and strode quickly across the rug under a small night table. His heart was pounding and he stayed close against the wall. Under the table was a crumpled up note that he had written Amber when they first met. It was as large as his whole body now. What did they do to him! He saw Heathers shoes and Ambers big black boots coming towards him.

"He's under there!" Heather stated.

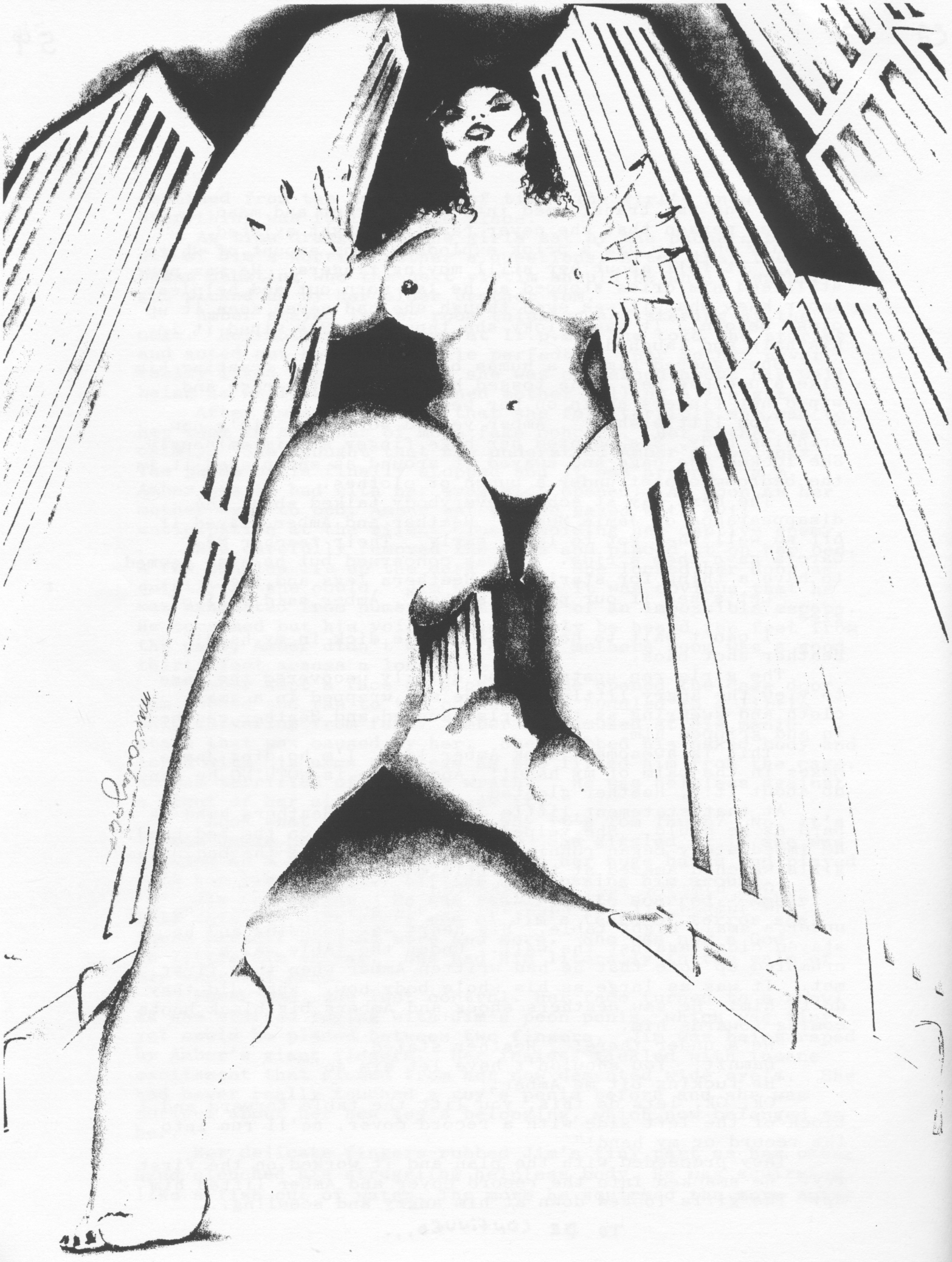
"Damnit! You shouldn't have let him go!"

"He fucking bit me Amber!!"

"Ok, Ok, lets do this, you lift the table forward and I block of the left side with a record cover, he'll run into the record or my hand!"

They proceeded with the plan and it worked on the first try. He smacked into the record cover and Amber lifted him up. The girls looked down at him angry and scowling...

TO BE CONTINUED...



For those of you with computers and internet servers why not try visiting these Giantess related web sites! If you are an expert or think you are about Giantesses on the web than please write Yum Y with any information or critiques you would like to share. This list was compiled by Gary (thanx).

1. Giantess Zone -- 10/28/1996
   http://www.cybernex.net/~racerx/index.html

   Still remains one of the best archives, even if it's not being updated as regularly as it used to be. New movie!

2. The Stephanie Evans Giantess Collage Page -- 11/09/1996
   http://ioiolcatica.com/collage1.html

   They don't get any more professional than this, folks.

3. Xiency: Giantess Page -- 08/27/1996
   http://www.iit.edu/~mcfejoe/gia.html

4. Land of The Giantesses -- 09/04/1996
   http://ally.ios.com/~edc39/

   This page focusses on the crush-o-phile/foot fetish. Lots of pics/video caps, with videos for sale.

5. Planet Giantess! -- 08/28/1996
   http://www.cyberenet.net/~hellboy/plagia.html

   Some homemade illustrations and comics scans.

6. The Amazon Arena BBS Home Page -- ???
   http://www.globalmark.com/globalmark/amarena.html

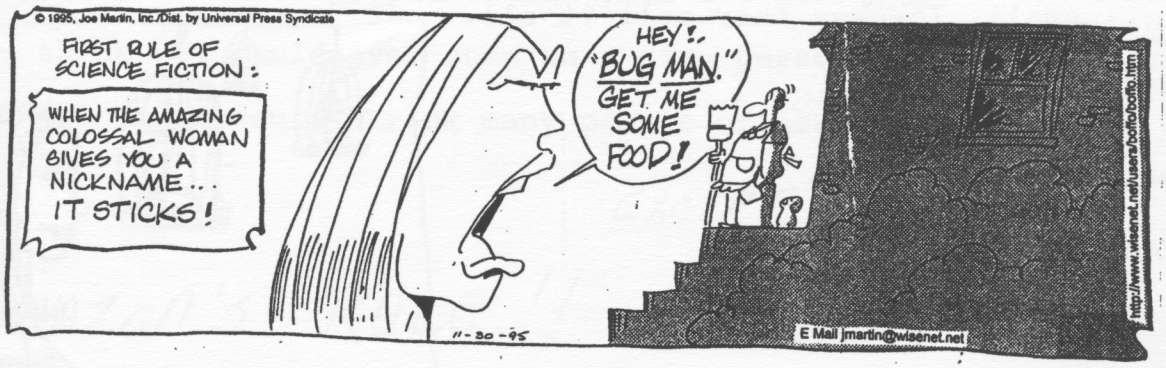
   Home page for the Amazon BBS. Deals with strong Amazons and real-life women.

7. Giantess Island -- 11/14/1996
   http://members.aol.com/gtsisland/main.htm

   A newer site, but contains some good pics and links.

8. Index of /a.s.f.s/ -- 11/15/1996
   http://www.casti.com/a.s.f.s/

   Archive of stories from alt.sex.fetish.size newsgroups (with some from a.s.f.giants, too). Recently updated after a LONG time, but great source of archived stories, none-the-less.


© 1995, Joe Martin, Inc./Dist. by Universal Press Syndicate
FIRST RULE OF SCIENCE FICTION:
WHEN THE AMAZING COLOSSAL WOMAN GIVES YOU A NICKNAME... IT STICKS!
HEY!. "BUG MAN." GET ME SOME FOOD!
11-30-95
E Mail jmartin@wisenet.net
http://www.wisenet.net/users/bofits/bofits.htm

9. Alta Vista Search Page --
   http://www.altavista.digital.com/

   An excellent search engine for Giantess/Amazon related materials from the WWW and Newsgroups (escpecially for those who may be restricted from Newgroups llike a.s.f.giants -- it kept me updated for many a month!). However, the number of articles are limited, so you might miss some things... :(To access the a.s.f.giants articles, use the following keywords: "giants +fetish"
   Some keywords/phrases: giantess, gts, shrink, shrinking

10. Cyberlot's Giantess World -- 11/16/1996
    http://members.aol.com/CyberLot/GTS/qualify.html

    New site, with some good pics (homemade and not) and links.

11. The Evil Giantess -- 11/14/1996
    http://members.aol.com/vlad532/index.html

    VERY NEW: only 3 pics, catering to the crush-o-pohiles and foot fetishists.

12. Giants And Little People On Television -- ???
    http://www.cybercom.net/~cd/giants.htm

    A written discourse by Bob Nelson, writer/editor of 2 fanzines.

13. EMH Designs: Giant Women #1 -- ???

    http://www.cybernex.net/~racerx/gw1.htm

    40-pg illustrated book of stories for sale. Has three sample drawings.

14. Ken Sample's Furry Home Page -- 08/04/1996
    http://www2.cybernex.net/~cougr/

    Has some furry giantess illustrations.

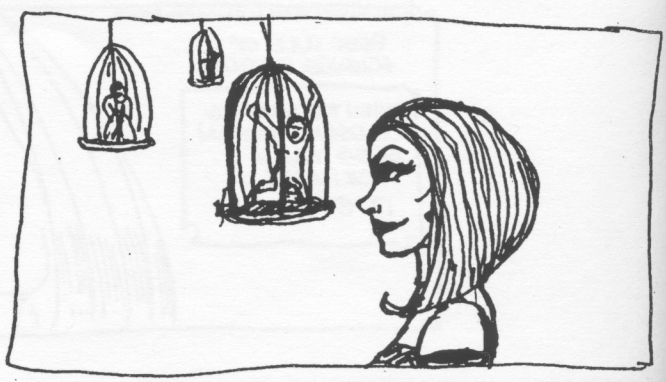
15. Mailbox Book's Size Games Catalog -- ???
    http://members.gnn.com/sizegames/mbhome.htm
    http://www.cybernex.net/~racerx/sizeg.htm

    Deals with portfolios and adult comis that focus on different size aspects (especially females). Giantess or Furry or big or small, I guess they sell it all.

NEW WEBSITE!

The website address is:

http://www.hainesvillegoo.com



1-800-746-1396 7 MINUTES $12

TOLL FREE CALL BACK!!

This is a survey for the fanzine Giantess Show. Thanx in ~~advance~~ for filling it out. :)

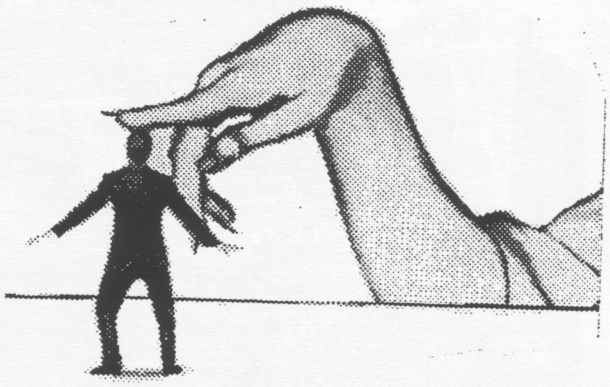
First Name: TESSA

Age: 23

Favorite Color: PURPLE

Eye Color: BLUE

Hair Color: BLOND



Do you paint your fingernails? YES

Toenails? YES

What color? "CUM TO ME RED"

Do you wear perfume? YES What kind? "DEVISTATION"

What is your favorite type of footwear? 4" PATENT LEATHER W/STRAP AROUND ANKLE & OPEN TOES

Do you enjoy stepping on insects? YES, Why or why not? ESPECIALLY THOSE WITH HARD SHELL SO I CAN HEAR THEM CRUNCH

If you could develop any kind of method of shrinking people, what would it be? (examples: spell, potion, evil ray gun, etc...) I'd make them drink a potion I ritually concocted at the time of the full moon

Who would you shrink first, how small, and why? BAD BOYS to 7 INCHES — TO COMPLETELY CONTROL THEM

What would you say immediately after the shrinking took place? "On your knees, you little worm AND WORSHIP ME"

What might you do to your victim? SHOW HIM OFF TO FRIENDS AT A PARTY AND MAKE HIM DO TRICKS

Where would you keep them if you wanted them alive? IN A CAGE, LIKE A CANARY

Would you physically touch him or her? OH, YES, TO TEASE HIM HERE & THERE

What would you want your new pet to wear? FRENCH MAID COSTUME WITHOUT PANTIES

Would you allow other people to see your new pet? YES

Do you think you could ever step on a tiny person? YES IF THEY'RE BAD OR I'M JUST IN THE MOOD

Do you think you would shrink many people or not? ALMOST EVERYONE, EXCEPT OTHER GODDESS AMAZONS

AMAZON'S RULE!!

Do you think you would have any sexual fun at all with a tiny partner? YEAH - I'd SHOVE him UP MY ASS LIKE A DILDO

If you could grow 50 feet tall for one day, would you? Why?
YES - AND RULE THE WORLD

What would you wear? (assuming clothing could be made to fit you)
SHORT TIGHT ~~SH~~ LEATHER SHORTS W/ A MATCHING HALTER TOP THAT HAS LOTS OF STRAPS IN BACK & THIGH HIGH BOOTS

What would you do as a Giantess for that day?
TERRORIZE BAD BOYS

Would you want to be joined by other Giantesses, or be alone?
THE MORE THE MERRIER THE TERRORISTS

How would you feel about towering over houses, trees and people?
I'D CRUSH THEM UNDER MY BOOTS

Do you think you could be turned on by being so giant and powerful?
ABSOLUTELY — POWER IS A GREAT APHRODESIAC

How do you think it would feel to hold a 6 inch man in the palm of your hand?
POWERFUL

Would you enjoy watching women toying with doll sized men? Why?
Yes. Just the hilarity of the situation

What do you think of these questions? GREAT - I LOVE THIS KIND of fantasy

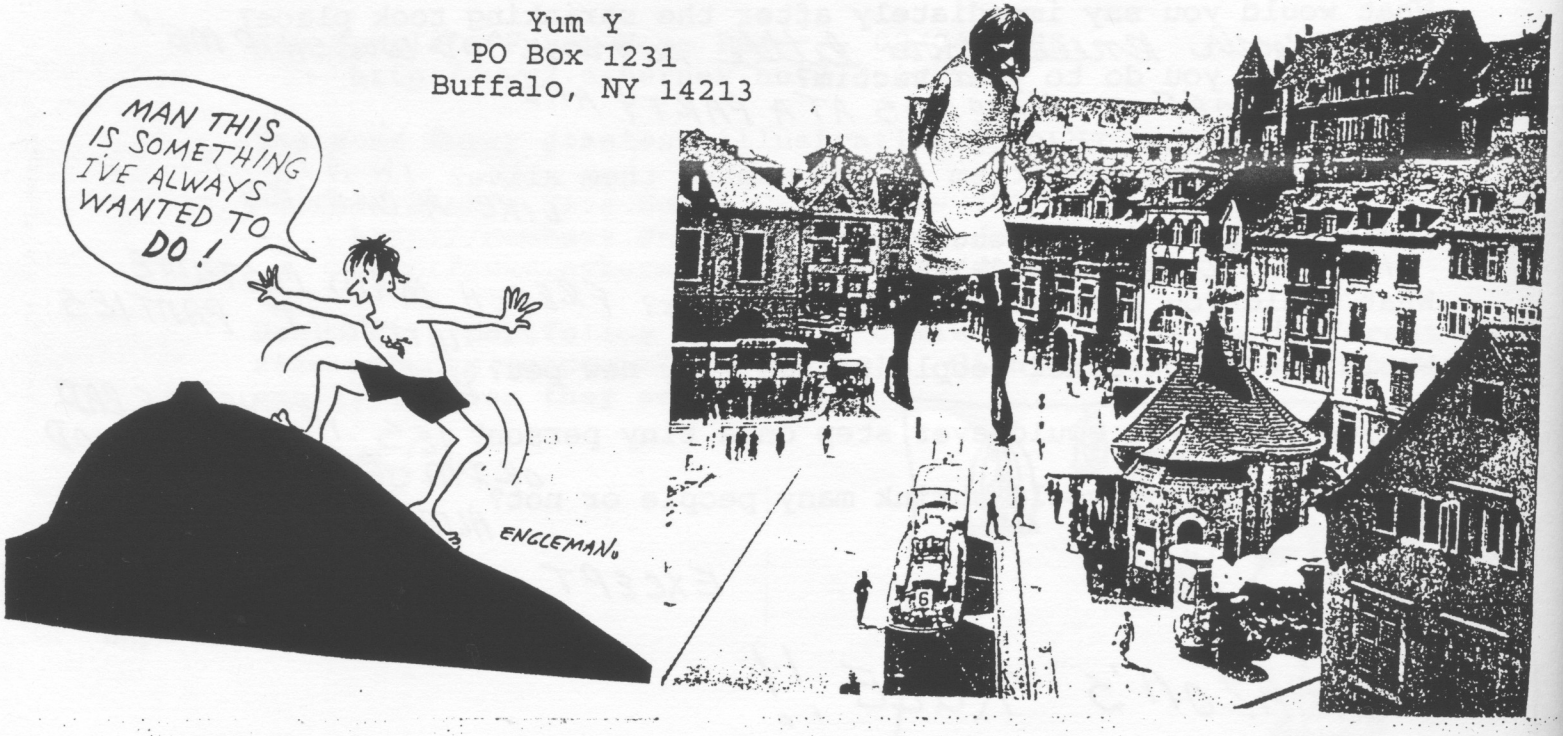
Any comments on any of this?

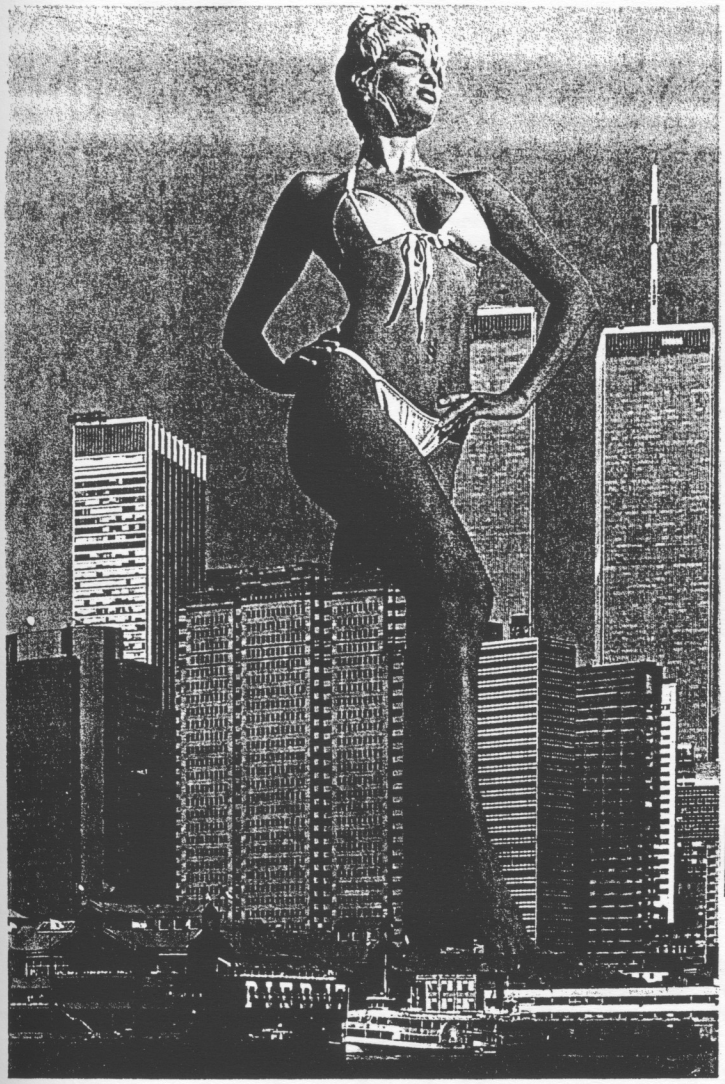
Does Giantess Show have your permission to print your answers? yes

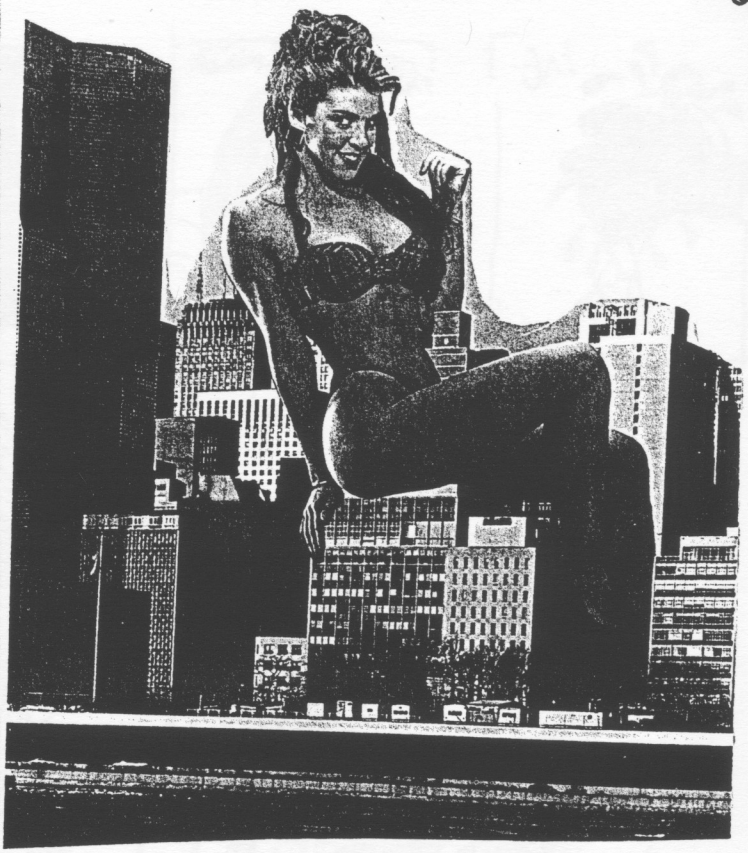
What would you say to men who fantasize about these situations?
CALL ME 1-800-746-1396

Thanx so much for your answers! If you would like to know more about Giantess Show, please contact:

Yum Y
PO Box 1231
Buffalo, NY 14213







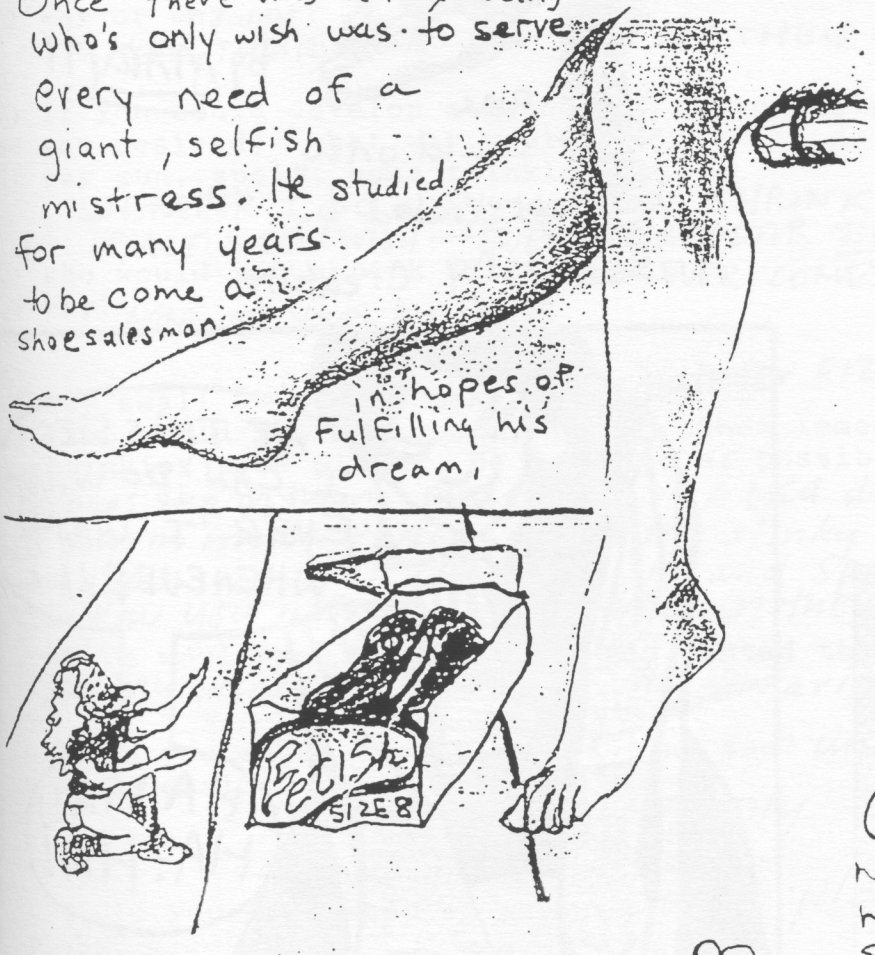
photos by S.R.

Photo By Buggy

"SEA SCRAPES"
SR 8-93

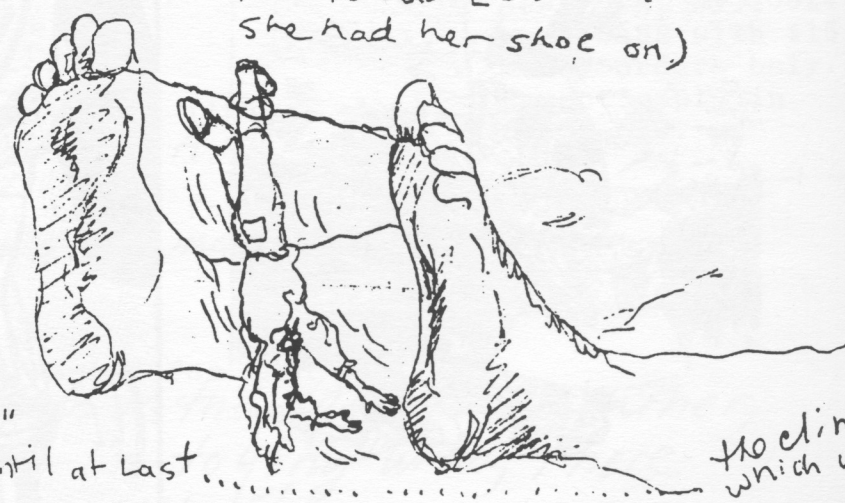
OH LOOK- TWO LITTLE TINY TICKBAD BOYS TO PLAY
OOOO
I hope tonight's show hasn't bigger than your body
HA HA HA
You bitch
Fucking Little Fucker
Ah!

Once there was a tiny being who's only wish was to serve every need of a giant, selfish mistress. He studied for many years to become a shoesalesman in hopes of Fulfilling his dream.



(occasionally "at wierd times" he was allowed to kneel on her toes.) [but only if she had her shoe on]

SHE played lots of Games with her little toy. His favorite (and hers.) was. "Suspend the Death Slave upside down from a String Between her toes and Let him Rock Back and forth and Lick the Bottoms of her feet" This went on for days until at Last.....



to clim which w

One day (*after she had been away for a long time.)** The giant realized what the true wishes (of the little man) were! She kicked OFF her shoes (never to put them on again.)

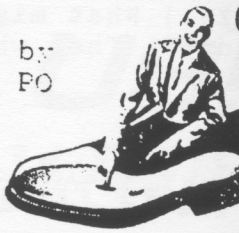
she ordered (but nicely) the little man to mount her foot and become her "Lifetime Sandle" - a greatly coveted title—

but one that could only be appreciated by this tiny creature

by MARY!!

VINTAGE GIANTESS!!
From Giantess Amy

This is a Giantess Show survey. It should be filled out by women only, in their own hand writing and sent to YUM Y, PO Box 1231, Buffalo, NY, 14213. Photocopies are fine.



YOU CAN CONTACT this GIANTESS!!

GIRLS GET YOUR MAN
NEW...DIFFERENT

1.) First name: Elizabeth
2.) Age: 35
3.) Favorite Color: lavender
4.) Eye color: brown
5.) Hair color: sheaked blond
6.) Do you paint your fingernails? Of course
7.) Do you paint your toenails? Absolutely
8.) What color? DARK RED
9.) Do you wear perfume? YES What Kind? CHANNEL #5
10.) Describe your favorite type of footwear: HIGH HIGH HEELS, high leather boots, platforms sometimes, Mary Janes, Flats, etc.
11.) Do you enjoy stepping on insects? EVERY SINGLE ONE I FIND
12.) Why or why not? TO HEAR THEIR BONES CRUNCH & SEE THEIR GUTS SPILL OUT

13.) If you could develop a method of shrinking people to any size you desired, what way would you like to do it? (EX: ray gun, spell, nose twinkle etc...) WHENEVER I SO WISH, YOU WILL SHRINK TO THE EXACT SIZE I WISH — EVEN DISAPPEAR IF I WISH.
14.) Who would you shrink first? WHOEVER COMES INTO MY VIEW FIRST
15.) Why? NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS

16.) How small would you make 'em? whatever size my whim dictates!
17.) What would you do to him, her, or them immediatley after the shrinking took place? Be detailed as possible. Perhaps step on them, place them in a cold dark dank place OR a warm moist PLACE, OR in my stinky shoes OR under my arms. I might chew you up and spit you out OR swallow you whole. It depends on the circumstances
18.) Where would you keep them if you wanted them alive? In my overheated oven or my terrarium with the spiders.

19.) Would you enjoy toying with a tiny man? what do you think??
20.) Why? Details. Details on request only

21.) Would you ever step on anyone? with pleasure
22.) Why?

Contact Me at
Elizabeth
PO BOX 774
New York, Ny 10024
send SASE with $15
money orders only.
Expect reply in
two weeks.

23) Have you ever imagined what it might be like to be a Giantess? I dont need to imagene — I AM.

24.) If you could grow 50ft. tall or taller for one day, would you & why?? I am 50ft., and for more than a day.

25.) If you could wear anything you wanted for that day, what would it be? In detail: It depends on the day, the weather, my mood, who I'm toying with; there are so many possibilities...

26.) What might you do first if you were a giantess for a day? Then what? HO HUM

27.) Would you enjoy watching a woman or women toying with little men? Why? NO, ONLY WHEN I'M the one, the only one.

28.) Would you enjoy seeing giant women terrorizing a town full of tiny people? If I wanted to terrorize I COULD

29.) Would you rather shrink people or grow bigger then them? Why? I AM BIG AND I DO SHRINK MEN. BEWARE OF MY POWERS

30.) Do you think that you would be sexually aroused by being a giantess? Towering over everyone? SEE ABOVE

31.) If so how would you satisfy your 50ft. lust?
DETAILS ON REQUEST ONLY

32.) What do you think of this survey?- ENJOYABLE
33.) How did you get it?

32.) Comments on any of these subjects? I THINK I'VE SAID PLENTY

ELIZABETH PO BOX 774 NY, NY. 10024 !!!

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PLEASE FILL IN!!
CURIOUS?

33.) Does GIANTESS SHOW have the permission to print your answers to these questions? YES

Thank you Thank you Thank you for your time! If there is anything you would like to know about Giantess Show or anything Gts related please write to YUM Y , PO BOX 1231, Buffalo, NY, 14213 email at MASIE@DELPHI.COM

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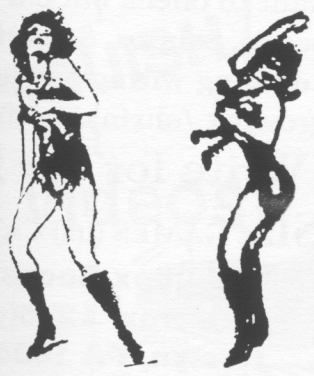

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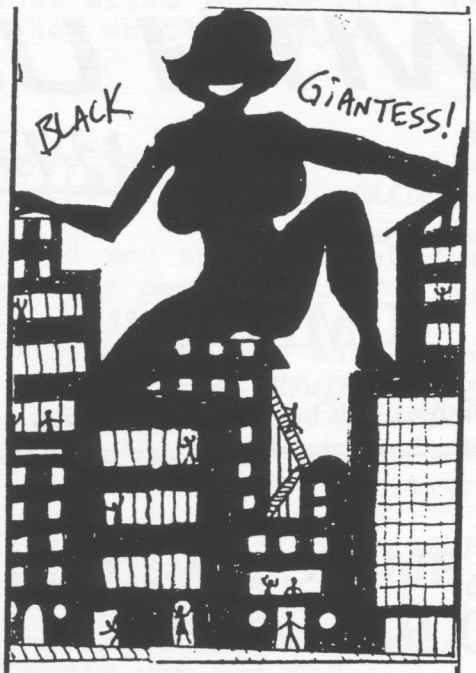

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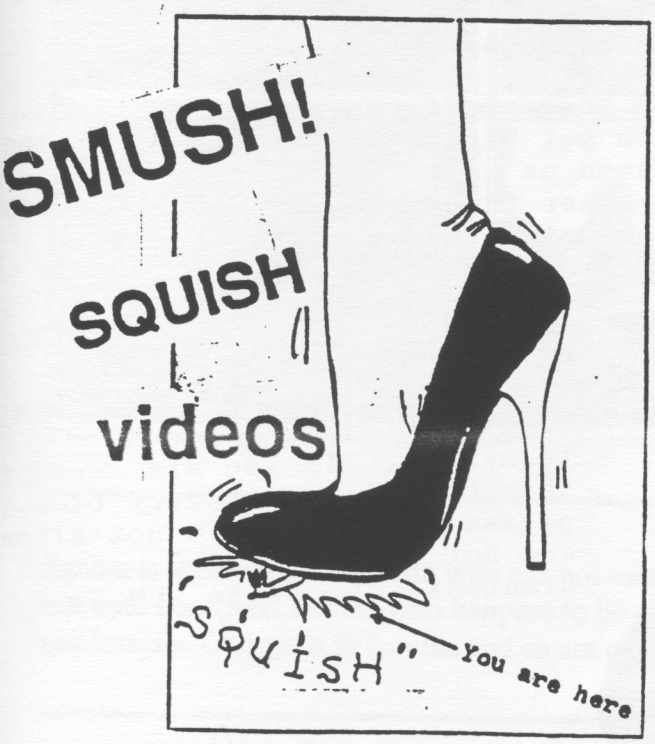

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If you liked Venus Fly Trap... contact the artist herself!! send SASE to:
YUM Y c/o Nina
PO BOX 1231
BUFFALO, NY 14213

Interested in hearing from Giantess Fans. Contact me!
Ron Eliaspoua
PO BOX 1893
Jerusalem, Israel 91920

This could be your FREE ad. If you want to correspond with Giantess fans or are looking for something special than send COPY READY text to YUM Y!!!

Yum Y is in dire need of new artists! We are looking for writers, artists, photos, articles, reviews, ideas, columnists, etc. If we use your stuff you get free issues. In order for Giantess Show to get bigger and better its going to need YOUR help. Please send us anything you think we can use! If you want something other than free issues let's work something out. Send your responses to the Yum Y address.

LADIES????
If you're a lady reading this fanzine please let us know your thoughts!! If you are reading this behind your lovers back please realize he is not alone and not sick! If you want Giantess info write YUM Y.

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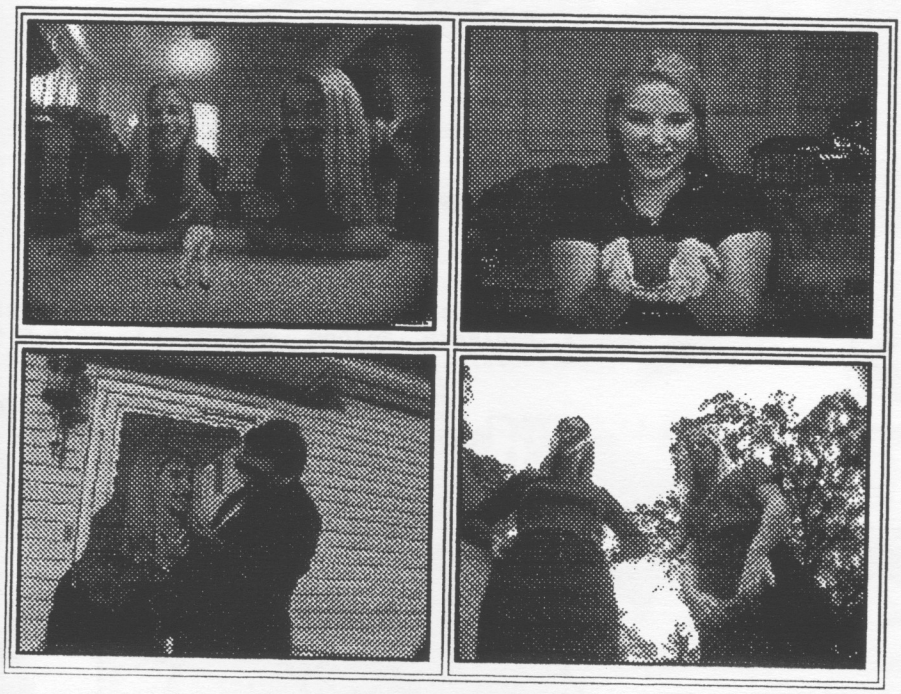
Giantess Zone Movie

"Sandra's Revenge"

Well I finally finished Taping the Giantess Zone Movie. The Taping went for two days and was a success. Some things went better then expected and others not as good as expected but overall it was a success. The girls were awsome. They both are very convincing Giantesses.

Below are some pics from the movie. It will take me approximatly 3 months to edit all the footage but I know if you ever fantizised about sexy girls shrinking people then you will love this movie.Below are a few scenes I was working on today.



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Sandra is an abused housewife who can not escape the constant abuse from her husband George at least not until her friend Denise who happens to be a scientist helps her with a shrinking device. Well as you can imagine George is in trouble and so are other enimies of Denise and Sandra.

I will keep you informed on the progress of editing and I will make a trailer for the movie by Dec and I hope to release it by the end of january.

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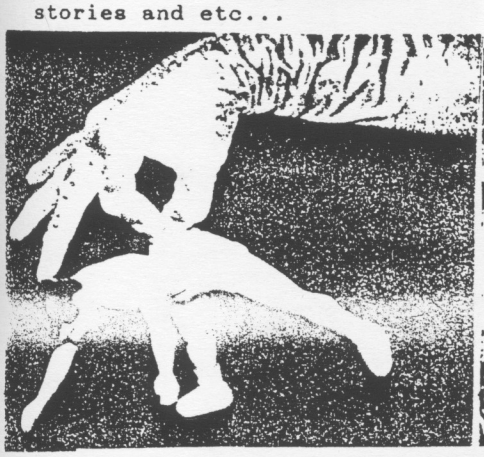
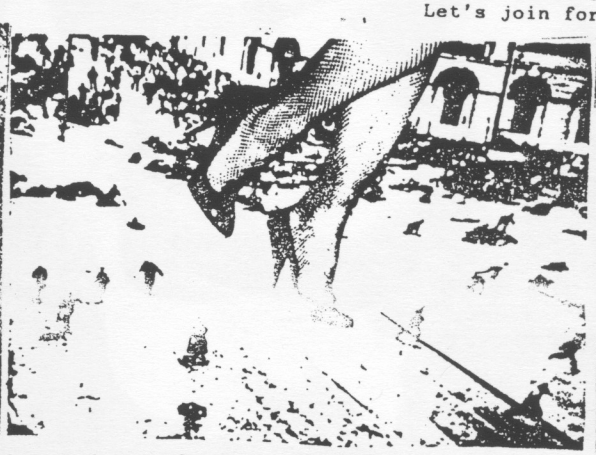
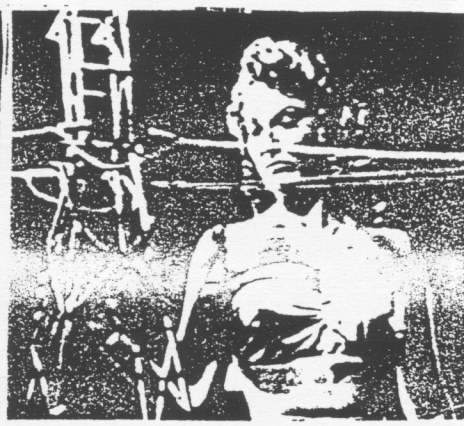
Giantess Show will include addresses of people who deal in this area of material, photos, drawings, movie listings, songs, comics, magazine features, interviews, surveys, stories and etc...

The Giantess fetish is growing and growing! Let's join forces and make it better for all of us







With your help we can make it easier and easier to find anything and everything concerning the Giantess, Crush, and Shrink fetishes.

We will print your address if you want to correspond with others interested.

This is not a price list!

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For more information send a SASE to:

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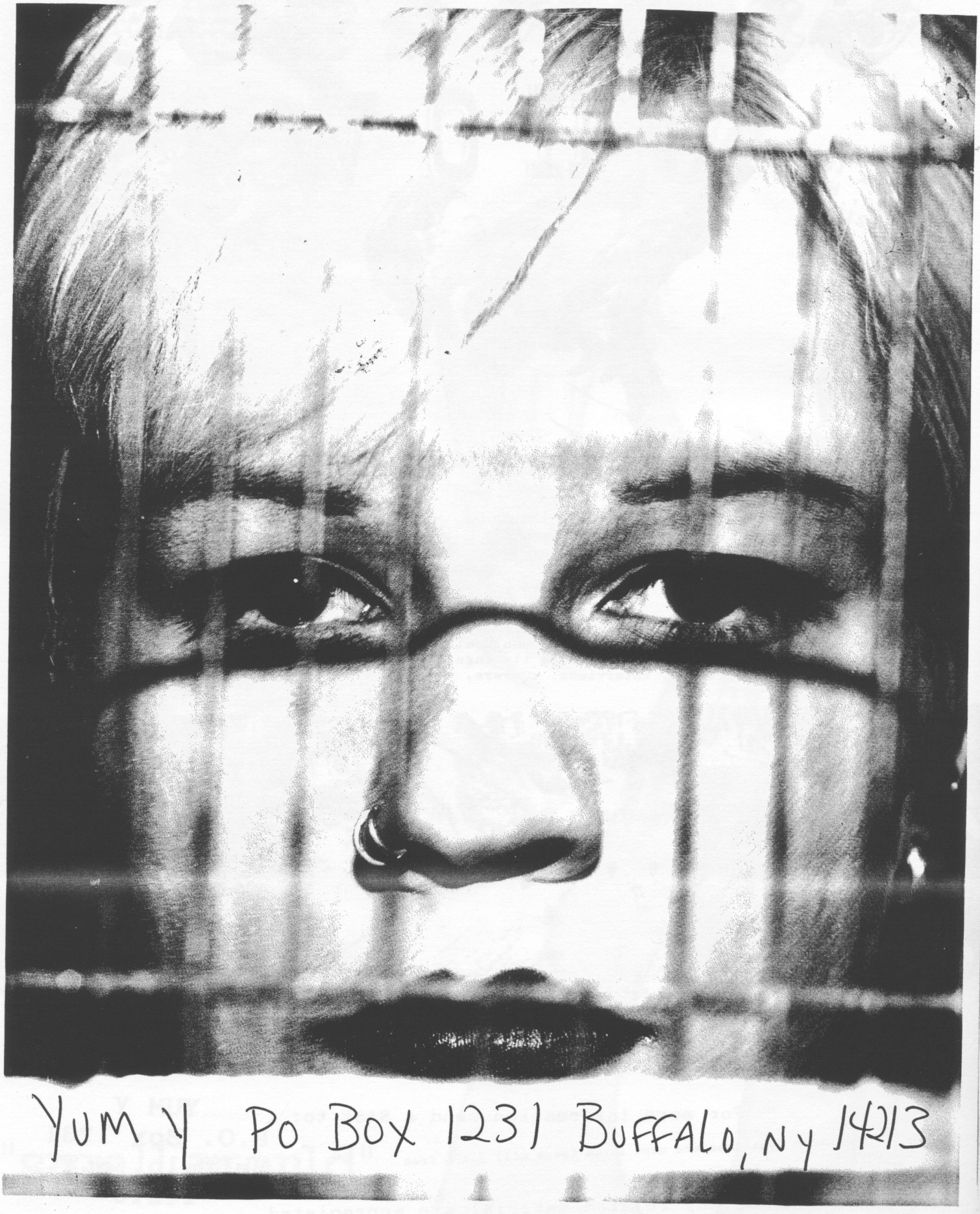
Those whose donations are used in an issue will get a free copy!!!

P.S. Donations of any related material are appreciated. All letters will be answered.



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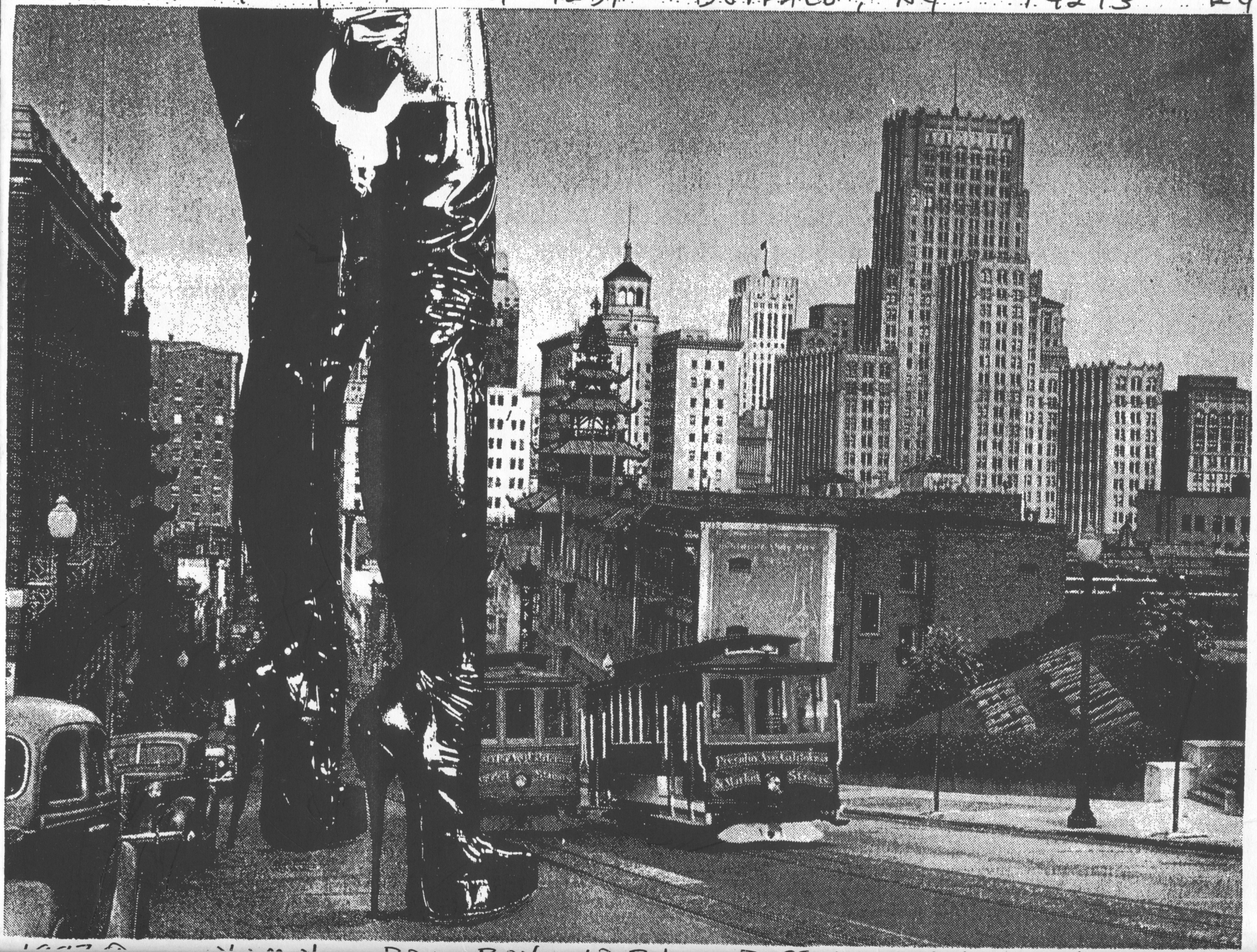
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